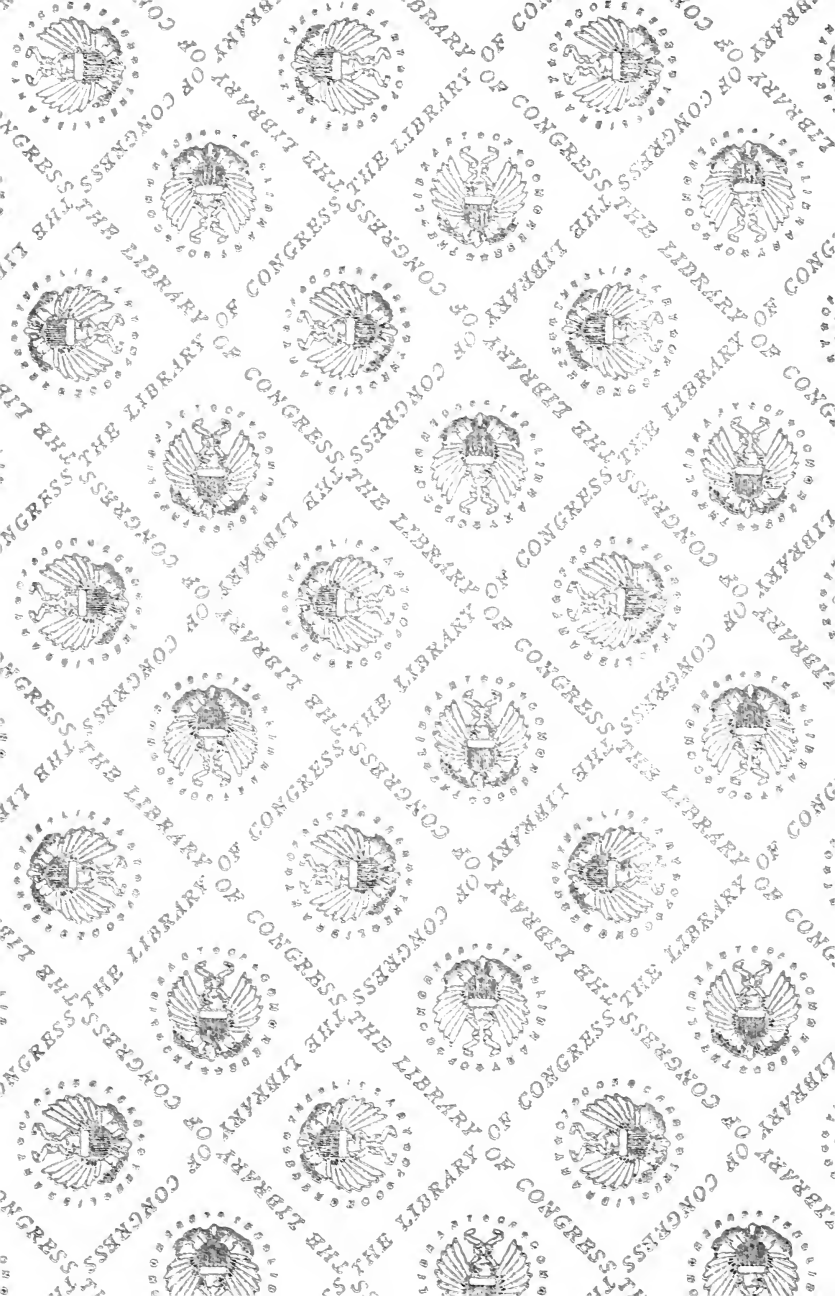
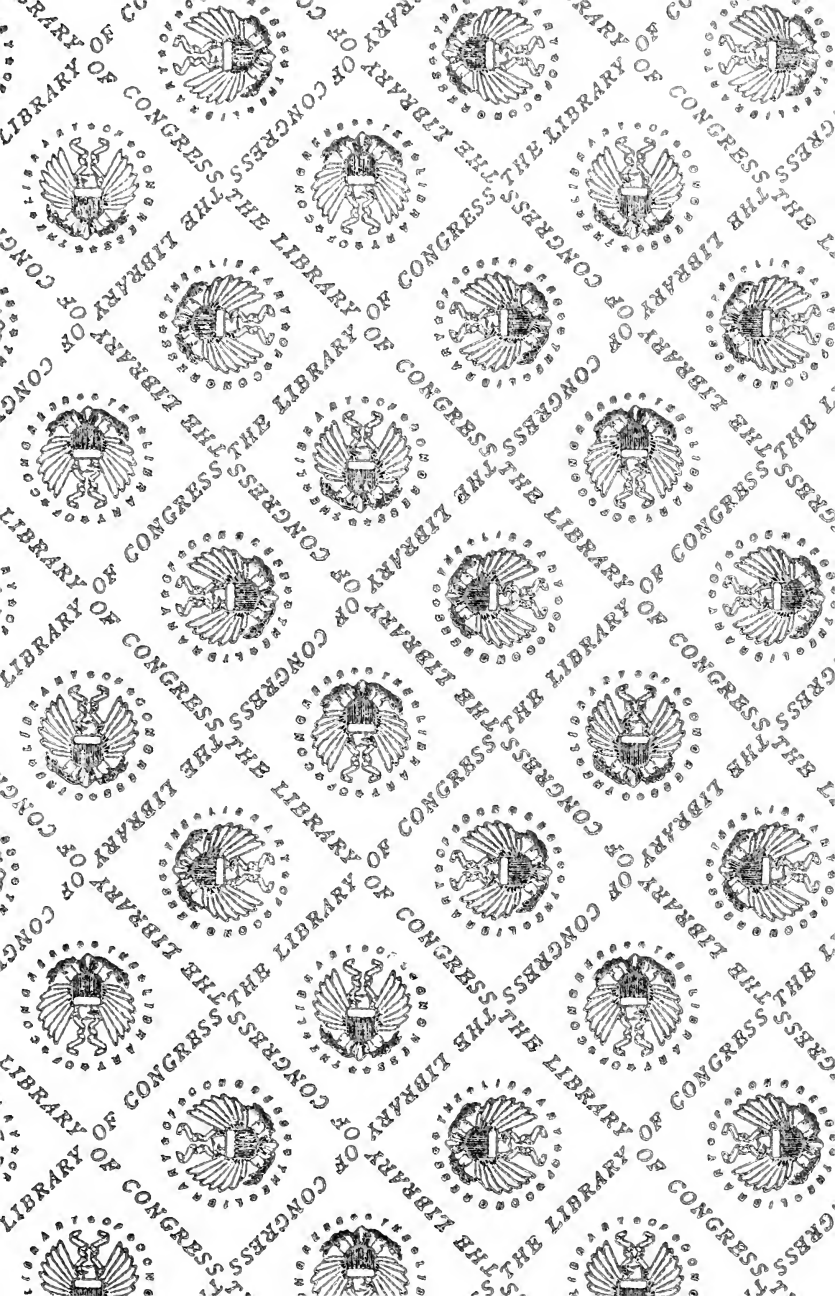
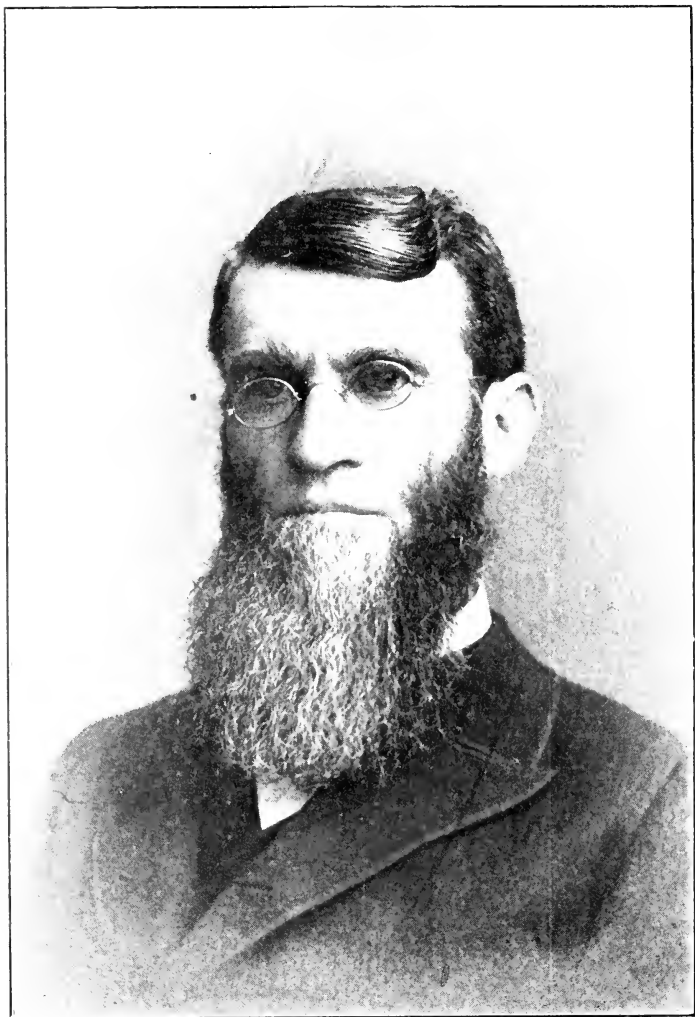


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Sincerely yours,
L. F. Bartness

A JOURNEY TO THE HOLY LAND

AND

Countries of the Mediterranean

BY

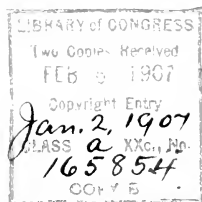
REV. JOSEPH F. BARTMESS

Edited from the diary notes by his son

EDWARD A. BARTMESS

44 PINE STREET

YONKERS, - NEW YORK



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907.

By EDWARD A. BARTMESS,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

To
those who
are interested in
foreign travel
and
to all those
dear relatives and friends
to whom my father, at some time
during his long and faithful ministry
carried the blessed gospel message,
this book is most
faithfully inscribed
by
his son.

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PREFACE.

MY father kept his diaries, private papers, and other records in a black walnut box which was made and presented to him by Mr. Jacob Hahn. At irregular periods I find myself in a retrospective mood which takes me to this box; and as I look over its contents, I always find something to interest, sadden and depress, as well as much to gladden, uplift and inspire.

No doubt all have experienced the sweet sadness of reading old letters of departed dear ones. How they stir the deep springs of our being, and we do not wish to part from them. How they sometimes bring a dimness to the eyes, and yet we cling to them.

One day while reading from two small memoranda books, which my father used on his trip to the Holy Land, it occurred to me to publish his notes in book form, believing that his relatives and many old friends would find pleasure in possessing his own daily record of the trip. Those interested in foreign travel might also enjoy the book.

To the pseudo-critic, I would say that this book, from its nature, precludes any pretense of literary merit; therefore do not read it with

that end in view—your time is too precious. To the real critic I say, "Blessed are the merciful."

In perusing these pages, the kind reader will remember that this is not intended to be a book of reference, or an instructive treatise on foreign travel, but it is humbly offered as a remembrancer of my father, and gives thoughts and items of information which came to him, and were jotted down while visiting each point of interest.

Subjects are never treated analytically, synthetically or logically in a memorandum book or diary, and the topics often end abruptly to be resumed anon, out of place and connection. Some subjects which the reader may think deserve more space, may be scarcely mentioned, and situations, which he may desire more fully explained, are left to his conjecture. In such cases, the indulgent reader need only remember that he is reading, so far as the thought is concerned, simply diary notes, which were made hurriedly on the spot, or written at night after the fatigue of a day's travel.

I know, from experience, that note-taking, while sight-seeing is usually irksome and few persons make memoranda; and again, I have seen some tourists spending so much time on Icarian flights of rhetoric in their notes, that they had no eyes or time for the objects of their travel. The idea that his diary notes would some day

appear in print never entered my father's mind. I have found some places in the notes, where I should like to ask questions, but, alas, it is too late. Such books contain only the raw material necessary to the finished product. It has been my aim to preserve, as far as possible, the language used in the original notes, and thus retain the element of personality.

As my mind has followed the record from first to last, line by line, the familiar phrasing of the thoughts has given precious companionship to the work, and now as it is finished, I lay down the manuscript with reluctance, while the heart feels the loneliness of separation.

If the reader of this volume, besides gaining a little knowledge, derives only a small portion of the pleasure in its perusal that has come to me in the preparation of its pages, I shall be sincerely grateful. If, in the homes of my father's friends, and others, this book becomes the unveiling of a tablet to his memory, it shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent.

EDWARD A. BARTMESS,

Yonkers, New York,

November. 1906.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Joseph Francis Bartmess, son of Jacob and Sophia Bartmess was born Sept. 14, 1837, at the old homestead two miles west of Dayton, Tippecanoe County, Indiana. He was the youngest of nine children. His early life was spent on the farm of his widowed mother, his father having died in 1847. He was converted in 1849, under the preaching of Rev. John Surran, and was baptized April 25, 1865. After a course of study, he received Quarterly Conference license to preach April 22, 1865, at Dayton, Ind., H. A. Snapp, Presiding Elder. He had already preached his first sermon Feb. 10, 1865, taking his text from Acts 24:24.

On Sept. 13, 1859, he was married to Mary Brodie, of Dayton, Ind., who in after years proved many times that she possessed all the virtues of a devoted wife, and all the graces of a loving and tender mother.

He began his ministry in the church of the United Brethren in Christ Sept. 21, 1866, having been admitted to the St. Joseph Conference at its session in Bourbon, Ind. He was ordained Oct. 10, 1868, at the session of the Conference held by Bishop Weaver at Buchanan, Mich. He con-

tinued his ministerial work unceasingly, and with unflagging energy, for thirty years, in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, taking few vacations. During this time he was never absent from any Annual Conference, was Presiding Elder nine years, was three times elected to the General Conference, and was also appointed a director of the Board of Missions. At the session of Conference held in September, 1895, he did not accept a regular assignment, and was appointed Conference Evangelist.

In the autumn and winter of 1895, he traveled extensively in the West, visiting and preaching in many of the Pacific coast churches.

In an issue of the *Religious Telescope* in 1899, we find an article entitled "Honored Names," from which we quote the following:

"The above face is a familiar one in a majority of the homes in St. Joseph Conference. Rev. J. F. Bartmess was born in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. His early life was spent on the farm where the foundation of the rugged physical constitution which he possesses was laid . . . His first field of labor was Galveston, Ind., circuit. . . . Mr. Bartmess is a preacher of unusual ability, possessing a good voice and excellent address. . . . He evidently retains much of his youthful buoyancy, and strength of body and mind, and while he is not serving a charge

this year, there is no reason why he should not still render many years of good service to Christ and the church."

For the substance of what follows in single quotation marks, we are indebted to the memorial article of Rev. L. A. Townsend, in the Dec. 13, 1905, issue of the *Religious Telescope*. 'He was a member of the local church of Buchanan 35 years, and at three different times served the church as pastor. He always loved his church home, which was a dear place to him. When the conference boundaries were changed by the General Conference in 1901, and the society of which he was a member was transferred from the St. Joseph to the Michigan Conference, he cheerfully made the sacrifice, although it was tearing the heart strings of love and affection, to leave the work and workers of the St. Joseph Conference. He attended the Michigan Conference held at Lake Odessa in October, 1901, and was cheerfully welcomed into the fellowship of the brethren. At this session of the Conference, by request, he gave a very inspiring lecture on his trip to the Holy Land.

'This was the first and last time that Michigan Conference had the privilege of meeting him in annual session. He was not very strong, having received a light stroke of paralysis Aug. 19, 1901, from which he had only partially recovered. On

the first Sunday in the year 1902 he attended church for the last time. On this occasion he taught his large class of young people in the Sunday School, but before another Sunday he had received the second stroke, which rendered him entirely helpless on the left side. Believing the end to be near, he sent for his good friend, Rev. R. P. Burton, and with him arranged every detail for the funeral service.

'After weeks had passed, the health of his faithful wife began to fail under the awful strain, and the oldest son decided that his father should be removed to the St. John's Riverside Hospital, Yonkers, N. Y. This was done, Mrs. Bartmess accompanying her husband East, and living at her son's home, not far from the hospital.'

In September of 1902 the household effects were sold, the library being given away, and the old homestead itself offered for sale. The loving wife continued her daily visits to the bedside of the afflicted one, although herself under a physician's care, until advised to leave Eastern climate. Her return West was too late for climatic changes to have any beneficial effect, and on Feb. 7, 1903, her gentle spirit returned to the God who gave it. It was a sorrowful duty to tell an afflicted father the sad news of a mother's death, and later to announce the death of Rev. Burton, of whom previous mention has been made.

As his condition showed little change, in April, 1904, Rev. Bartmess was removed to that noble institution in New York City—The Home for Incurables, where every comfort of a Christian home was afforded him.

During his years of illness, although deep in the shadow, the same hopeful spirit so characteristic of his life, often shone forth in his conversation. In one instance, a request was sent from an upstairs ward in which the patients were lonely and discouraged, to have him brought to them in his wheel chair to speak to them words of good cheer. On one occasion he was found teaching the Lord's Prayer and Twenty-third Psalm to a young man who did not know them, and who died a few days later. At another time the patients in another ward, feeling very despondent, asked him if he would not offer prayer in their behalf. This he did with great fervor, as he lay helpless upon his bed. Many other similar incidents, which illustrate his patience, courage and faith while tried year after year in the crucible of affliction, might be mentioned.

He was happy to see friends and visitors who came to his bedside, and always welcomed the clergy, both Protestant and Catholic. All these visits, with those of his son and relatives were bright gleamings of sunshine in his long dark day. He loved, as a brother, the Rev. Charles A. Ash-

mead, who, for a certain period, called to see him almost daily, and also administered the Communion Service.

The gospel which he had preached so long to others, comforted and sustained him now. Though weak in body, he possessed a strong and abiding faith in God which never once wavered. For months he lingered on the borderland between two worlds, waiting, watching, catching faint glimpses of the Heaven beyond, and praying to depart. On Sunday morning, Nov. 5, 1905, he heard the Master's call, and passed to his reward. The funeral services were held in the church of which he was a member, and interment was made beside his beloved wife and daughter, in Oakridge Cemetery, near the old home in Michigan.

“How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest—in Heaven.
His heart was with Jerusalem; and strong
As was a mother's love, and the sweet ties
Religion makes so beautiful at home,
He flung them from him in his eager race,
And sought the broken people of his God,
To preach to them of Jesus.”

—EDWARD A. BARTMESS.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

"When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We yet a kind of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.

But oh! what words can paint the fears,
When from those friends we sever,
Perhaps to part for months—for years—
Perhaps to part forever."—*Anon.*

A long time was spent in deciding, and then the task of getting ready began. What was requisite for such a long trip from home, etc. All these things finally accomplished, I, on Jan. 23, 1900, bade farewell to loved ones at home, and boarded the 5:20 P. M. train at Buchanan, Mich., for Buffalo, N. Y. I reached Buffalo next morning in time for the train for Yonkers, N. Y. On arriving, my daughter-in-law met me at the train and accompanied me to their home. I spent a number of days very pleasantly visiting here. We attended church on Sunday, and I was pleased to hear Rev. George Pentecost, formerly of London, England, preach a masterly discourse on the "Importance of the New Birth." His language was clear, ornate, and forceful. I also attended a number of entertainments, and remember par-

ticularly the unique drama of Ben Hur. I visited the Museum of Natural History and Library.

At last the day so long talked of, and looked for with so much interest, dawned, the day of sailing. My son, Edward, accompanied me to the city and in the Grand Central Station in New York City, I bade him good-bye, and boarded a special train chartered by the manager of the cruise, and was off for Boston. Passing through many beautiful villages and cities, we reached Boston safely, and on the eve of January 31, 1900, we embarked on the *New England*, a splendid steamship of the Dominion Line. She was built in Belfast, Ireland, in 1898. Length 565 feet, breadth of beam, 59 feet. She has six decks, 215 state rooms, twin screw propellers, speed 17 knots, carrying capacity 11,000 tons, and a crew of 269. This vessel has a bilge keel to prevent rolling. She is made entirely of boiler steel, with immense iron braces, like bridge timber, to support all its parts. The immense engines are almost beyond our conception in magnitude and strength. In the many different departments, parlors, staterooms and dining rooms, the furniture is elegant. This ship is said to have made the fastest time between Liverpool and Boston. She had already made twenty voyages.

The party of tourists numbered 525, all aglow with the prospect of a grand trip to the Orient.

Some of the places to be visited are as follows: Isle of Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Valletta, Citta Vecchia, Alexandria, Cairo, The Pyramids, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jordan, Dead Sea, Bethlehem, Bethany, Caifa, Mt. Carmel, Nazareth, Gallilee, Beyrout, Smyrna, Cypress, Rhodes, Constantinople, Piraeus, Athens, Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Ville Franche, Nice, Monte Carlo, the Riviera.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

"Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll—
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain—
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control—
Stops with the shore."—*Byron*.

On the morning of February 1, 1900, with all on board, the steamship *New England* left Boston harbor on her long cruise to the above named places. I was impressed by the large number of visitors who came to say farewell to their departing friends. Very few shed tears, but I saw many an anxious look, and loving caress, which said in words not to be misunderstood, how hard it was to say good-bye. When the last visitor was gotten ashore, which required some time, the gangway was lifted and the ponderous engines began the work of driving the vessel across the Atlantic. It was 2,700 miles to the Isle of Madeira, which was to be our first stop after leaving Boston.

There were nearly three hundred ladies aboard. There were fifty-two clergymen and a number of eminent physicians. While I am on this part of the description, I will say to the credit of the

Steamship Company, that the food is the very best in variety and abundance.

Now I must begin my daily record.

Feb. 1: This is the evening of the first day out at sea. It has been very cold, but the sea has been kind to me. I have, however, seen a large number indisposed. Although the tables are filled with every variety of food to tempt the palate, many seats are vacant. The flowers on the table, pinks and roses, are beautiful and fragrant. The ship has been rolling for some time, but I have not missed a meal. We have run 340 knots to-day.

Feb. 2: I must record that the sea was rough all through the night, but a little more quiet this morning. The passengers are recovering somewhat, and more are present at the meals. Lunch is over now, and everyone seems to feel well. A lady passenger told the following story: "An Irishman had received some favor from a gentleman, and the Irishman said he hoped the gentleman would live to eat the hen that scratched the dirt upon his grave." Everyone is full of mirth, singing, promenading, etc., and various other amusements are in order after meals. To-day we sighted a ship, but whence it came, or whither bound, we shall never know. Such are our lives on the great ocean on which we are all sailing. We catch a glimpse of each other,

pass, and see each other no more. This evening our log registers 342 knots.

Feb. 3: This morning the weather is much warmer. I have had a good rest, slept well, and feel refreshed. The ship is now making good time. I am eating three meals a day. We have run 682 knots and I am still on deck. Our party at the table consists of Rev. W. H. Penhallegon, Mrs. Emma Ritchie and daughter, Miss A. Eugenie Vater, of Lafayette, Ind., Miss Anna R. Wilson, of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Jane W. Hall, of Pasadena, Cal., Prof. Lowell M. McAfee, Parkville, Mo., a maiden lady whose name I do not recall, and the writer. We represent seven states.

To-day we are beginning to realize that we are far out at sea, and on a long voyage. We are cut off from every portion of the world save the wild waste of waters. Everything is so pleasant on shipboard that it drives away loneliness. How much we feel indebted to our Heavenly Father, who rules in righteousness and tender love.

Feb. 4: This is Sunday. We sailed 362 knots during the last 24 hours. I am quite well, and thinking of home and loved ones.

“As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear land ’twas leaving.

So loathe we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts where'er we rove
To those we've left behind us."

I have a very genial room-mate, Rev. Dr. Noble, formerly pastor of a church in San Francisco. He served the Congregational Church in that city for fourteen years. He told me of his being instrumental in the conversion of Commander Phillips, of the U. S. N. This is the Commander who, in the Spanish-American war, so beautifully manifested a Christian spirit in devoutly thanking God for victory for the right. Dr. Noble makes it very pleasant for me. He is a good conversationalist, and has had a wide range of experience.

This is a beautiful day. The air and sun are conducive to our health. O, how mighty are the works of the great Creator. This wonderful ocean, how vast, how deep, how mysterious. I am thinking of home and the dear ones who have so kindly aided in permitting and making it possible for me to take this cruise to the Orient.

It is now 12:15 P. M. The Rev. Dr. Barbour, of Rochester, N. Y., Baptist, preached a fine sermon which was full of spiritual power. His theme was Faith and Love. On being introduced, it was stated that he was pastor of one of the largest churches in America. I am recording this

day as a typical southern California day. The sea is very smooth, and our great steel-clad floating palace is running so steadily, that one can read and write with ease. But, how soon a change may come. Old Neptune has been toying with us as a cat with the poor little victimized mouse. We retire, trusting in Him who doeth all things well.

Feb. 5: Three hundred and seventy-five knots. During the night a terrific gale broke upon us, and we were tossed on mountain waves. Not much sleep. Our satchels slid from one side of our stateroom to the other. This morning the ocean presents a scene of indescribable grandeur. A number of times the ship took water, as wave after wave broke over the upper decks. I have seen the ocean in its strength lifting this ship as though it were only a toy. Our morning meal was eaten with much difficulty. The plates and other dishes, were set in guards, or frames, to prevent accident; but at times it seemed that everything would be smashed. This is an experience not soon to be forgotten, and a good educator for the party. O, thou mighty deep, so placid at times, but now lifted into snow-capped mountain waves and traversed by deep canons into which our ship must plunge. Last evening, while at dinner, a giant wave struck the ship with the report of a cannon, and made her trem-

ble fore and aft. O, what power in an ocean wave.

Rev. Myers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave a lecture in the forward salon, on the Isle of Madeira, and the City of Algiers. He spoke of the fruits and flowers, and the queer mode of travel in Madeira by sledges drawn by bullocks. He spoke of the degradation of women in Algiers, and compared their condition with the liberty of the wives and daughters of America. May God hasten the day when "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness will be shared equally by all."

Feb. 6: Three hundred and sixty-five knots. The sea is still running high. This morning far away we saw the white wings of a sailing ship, but whither bound, we shall never know. I am feeling quite well. Passengers are rapidly recovering and becoming acquainted. This afternoon it is more calm. The ocean air has an invigorating effect. One sees some funny things and hears droll expressions. A gentleman said that to-day a woman ran to the ship's railing when it was standing at an angle of 45 degrees, and cried out, "O, if I were only on old terra cotta again, I'm sure I would stay there." She evidently meant to say terra firma.

We have sailed 1,800 miles, 900 more and we shall have reached Madeira. The sea at this point has presented what seemed to be some

beautiful pictures. Far out, we saw what appeared to be lakes of silver, bordered with beautiful groves, and having great snow-capped mountains in the background. This was a mirage. As I look out on the expanse of waters, I think how little the route we are pursuing has ever been taken by man, and that for thousands of years, the waves were oscillating and ever changing unseen, while in the vast hidden depths below, lie mysteries never to be revealed.

I write these lines as I sit in the magnificent forward dining salon. While the good ship speeds on I must be indulged in giving an outline of this extraordinary room. In the centre above there is a glass dome which is richly decorated in ebony and gold. The walls are finished in light wood, resembling maple, exquisitely carved and highly polished. The revolving chairs for the table are placed there permanently with strong bolts. They are also of light-colored wood, upholstered, and carved to correspond with the elaborate carving which decorates the entire room.

Feb. 7: Three hundred and eighty knots. We expect to arrive at Madeira at 2 o'clock P. M. to-morrow. Eight days out of sight of land makes us long for "Cities which have foundations." This has been a beautiful day of golden sunshine, southerly winds, and sea comparatively

smooth, while the ship sails like a seagull on the wing.

“O, happy ship,
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your lip.”

I am feeling well, having just partaken of a sumptuous repast. The party are in high spirits with the prospect of seeing land. The music on board to-day is unusually fine. I look out and can see nothing but a wide expanse of water. I look within and all is life and animation. How thankful I am for God's protecting and keeping power. Some wish me to abandon the side trip to Galilee, and go by way of Samaria; but I fear seven days of horseback riding would not be for the best. I begin to feel that I am quite a sailor.

Someone has said that sea sickness is a composite of la grippe, toothache, railroad accident, gunshot wound, nightmare, with the pangs of disappointed love. The beautiful sunshine has been succeeded by clouds. Our good ship is pushing against head winds and a heavy sea. There are some indications of a storm, but the passengers are promenading the decks for exercise, and as a preparation for the evening meal.

Feb. 8: This is a beautiful morning, warm and bright. The sea is calm. The ship runs

steady, with a slight quivering caused by the action of the propellers. She cleaves the emerald wave and the pulsations of her great iron heart are felt by all. The passengers are in high hopes of seeing land once more, as the ship officers inform us that we shall reach Madeira at 2:30 P. M. to-day.

I have heard it said that after several days at sea, one becomes lonely, but it is not so on the New England. All is life, and many friendships are made. My room-mate, Dr. Noble, is companionable. I have become acquainted with a number of other people who are very companionable. Well, I must go on deck and bathe in the golden sunshine and breathe the fragrant air as it floats to us from the summer land of Madeira. It was stated this morning at breakfast that Columbus visited this island many years ago, and while there, married the daughter of a prominent official. It was at Madeira that he conceived the idea of his great sea voyage which resulted in the discovery of the New World.

The cry of land ahead is heard. One can scarcely realize it after so many days at sea, but the passengers are sure.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

"Where summer sings and never dies,
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines."—*Read.*

I turn my eyes in the direction of our hopes, and there, to my delight, I can discern the outlines of the beautiful Isle of Madeira.—There she is, like a rare gem of beauty, pinned on the bosom of the ocean. The ship speeds on, and soon we see the snow white villages as they nestle on the terraces of the great sloping sides of an elevation 6,000 feet above the level of the ocean. With my field glasses I can see a picture of exquisite beauty. Who has not heard of the vineyards and Madeira wine of this island. Here also are flowers in rich profusion. Tropical fruits, figs, oranges, lemons, and many others peculiar to such a climate. I shall never forget the flowers, for I have not seen such in my home land. Our good ship has anchored three-quarters of a mile out from the island, and now the whole face of the bay is swarming with row boats to take us ashore. Now, what is to be done as the sea is running

high here, and the boats bob up and down like corks. The faint-hearted will not venture, but those who do, are well repaid. The bugle sounds for breakfast, and I defer writing.

Breakfast over, I have come to the forward salon to finish the description of our landing. On reaching the shore, which required half an hour hard rowing by the natives, we were met by a Portuguese guide carrying an American flag. This guide immediately took us under his care. Lined up on the shore was a long row of ox carts to take the passengers over the city of Funchal, which is the capital of Madeira. The houses, built of stone, are usually white. The streets are narrow and paved with small stones, blue, white and red, taken from the seashore. These are arranged in the pavement in a manner which shows some artistic skill, and present a very pretty appearance.

Here are beggars of all descriptions. Some are terribly deformed; others blind. Some are little children of tender years, and others very aged. These beset us at all times and became very annoying, but it seemed useless to give, for there would be no end to their begging. The ox sledges were rather pretty. The runners were decorated with highly colored paints, and the boxes, or beds, were made of bamboo, richly upholstered, and having a canopy top. The run-

ners are kept well oiled to make them slip over the stone-paved streets. They are oiled frequently by a lad using a little bag of rags soaked in oil. While the sledge is in motion he places the bag in front of one of the runners and lets it run over, then springs to the other side and does the same to the other runner, and so keeps both runners well lubricated. This makes them glide easily over the hard pavement. I saw only one span of horses and one vehicle with wheels on the island.

We visited the Casino, also the Cathedral, built 360 years ago. It is a quaint old structure and presented an oriental appearance. The Treasury and post office were also visited. At the latter place we did some writing and mailing of postal cards. To deposit these cards in the mail, we were obliged to go outside of the building, raise an iron flap door in the wall, and there drop in our mail.

Night comes on, and we are compelled to return to the ship, which we did with some reluctance, all wishing we could have had more time on this interesting island. However, we all reached our ship in safety and rested sweetly during the night.

Feb. 9: This is a delightful morning. The sky is clear and the sun shines with a golden lustre peculiar to the tropics. Our next stop

will be at Gibraltar. There we shall send more mail to our friends at home. O, America seems so far away, and yet so dear. This is an English ship and carries the flag of that nation, but as it has aboard a large party of Americans, it also flies the American flag. As we look at the stars and stripes floating from the top of the mast, we feel like singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The passengers are quiet to-day. As we speed along, some are reading, some sleeping, some playing shuffle-board, others engaged in conversation.

I remember one year ago to-day, the mercury registered 26 degrees below zero at home, while here it is 70 above. The ocean is calm, and far away has the appearance of one of our western prairies. This forenoon we saw a sail. It is remarkable how a single craft will attract attention while out on the wide waste of water. The distance from Madeira to Gibraltar is 610 miles.

Before I started on this journey, a pessimistic person told me that it would be "so very monotonous and gloomy at sea," but I can say that time has not dragged heavily along. On the contrary, there have been many things to entertain and instruct.

Feb. 10: Far out at sea. The morning is delightful, with breeze soft as velvet. The sky clear, save a few fleecy clouds floating far away.

The golden sunlight causes the crested waves to sparkle like diamonds of frost upon the mountain. We are due at Gibraltar at 1 P. M. The sea for several days has dealt very kindly with us. Save a slight cold, I am well. At Gibraltar we expect to land by small boats and remain ashore until 11 P. M. Our table had its full number of passengers this morning, and all blend in a fraternal bond of friendship.

Land is now in sight. Our good ship sails on with Morocco on our right, and Portugal on our left. We shall soon be in the Strait. A strange appearance is seen in the water. It has suddenly changed from a dark blue to a light green color. Some say it is because the water is becoming shallow. Now I can see the light houses and the green hills on the shores of Africa, and I can also see the mountains of Portugal. Africa, how strange that sounds.

How strange to me that I am permitted to see these historic shores. I think of Oliver Hadley, who, when a young minister, left our Conference and sailed for Africa to do mission work on the dark continent. This work soon cost him his life.

CHAPTER IV.

GIBRALTAR.

“The Pillars of Hercules.”

Well, here we are in the Strait of Gibraltar. On the coast of Spain I see villages. The houses appear white. On the African side I see vast mountains lifting their summits in awful grandeur above the clouds. The passengers are greatly excited over the scenery. I can see the beautiful green valleys of Morocco. This is historic ground, and these are eminently historic waters. Here some of the greatest battles of the past have been fought. Their names are recorded in history. We are now passing a town called Tariffa, a seaport of Spain. Some tell us that here is where the word tariff originated, as they once charged custom when vessels landed. Our good ship reached her anchorage on time. Because of her immense size she cannot dock, and is anchored one mile off shore. We were taken to land in steam tenders.

This day I have set my feet for the first time on the shores of Europe. Guides met us at the gateway to conduct us to the different places of interest.

Gibraltar, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, is built

on the northwest side of a great rock, which is a mountain projecting into the sea. First we visited the National Garden. It is a rare treat for a lot of tired, sea-tossed tourists to stroll through those beautiful flower festooned walks. Tropical fruits and flowers are seen everywhere. The streets, like those of Funchal, are paved with stone.

In visiting the fortifications, which can only be done on certain days, we were greatly impressed with the strength of this mighty fortress. It looks as though no military power is able to reduce it. From every point of the compass, great frowning cannon give warning to any approaching foe. We went through the great serpentine galleries, which are vast tunnels cut in the rock and ascending toward the top. At certain points along these galleries are rooms from which holes are cut and through which point the cannon. It is said there are 75 miles of tunnels in the great fortification of Gibraltar. To rightly appreciate it, one should visit the place and see its greatness. Here are some English hotels which are first class.

After visiting a number of the shops and stores, kept principally by English, we went over into Spain. To do this, we must pass over what is known as Neutral Ground. This is a small tract of land which is the dividing space between two

nations. Here were stationed on one side the English guards, in their scarlet uniforms protecting the interests of England, while on the other side were Spanish guards protecting the interests of Spain. As I looked at the latter swarthy men, I could not help but "Remember the Maine." The town which we visited in Spain is called Lenia. It is a filthy place, revealing the most squalid poverty.

We were beset with beggars on every side. Many were blind. I am told their eyes were destroyed when they were young, by insects, which, for some superstitious notion, the mothers refused to drive away. Articles offered for sale, were inferior to those on the other side of Neutral Ground under the flag of England. I did not see a pleasing face in this part of Spain. Articles for sale on the English side are much cheaper, hence many of the people cross over to Gibraltar to do some of their shopping, but they are robbed on their return by the Spanish officials. It makes no difference if the purchaser be very poor. In the evening we returned to our ship, tired, but well satisfied with our visit ashore.

We sailed at 11:30 that night. I spent the evening on deck conversing with friends until a late hour. The moon arose in silver splendor, and from a cloudless sky poured a flood of light over the ocean. We sat for a long time watching

the slowly receding form of the fortress rock, which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea.

Feb. 11: We have entered and are now sailing on the classic waters of the Mediterranean. All through the night our ship has run as if she had been a boat on a river, with no movement except straight ahead at the rate of 17 knots an hour. This A. M. we find ourselves well out at sea, but we can yet discern the snow covered mountains in Spain. They are called the Sierra Nevadas, the same as those of our own country. I presume the Spaniards named both. Many of the passengers who were not accustomed to seeing mountains, thought they were great white clouds.

To-day I attended religious services in the forward salon. Rev. McLein, of New Haven, Conn., preached from John 17:19, "For Their Sakes I Sanctify Myself." The sermon was plain, simple and practical. Our ship sails on. What memories cluster around this great sea. Here were many incidents of sacred story. On this sea the prophet Jonah, shipped from Joppa for a city in Spain called Tarshish. Here on these shores, cities have flourished and fallen back into oblivion, except as they are traced on the pages of history.

Our people in America are taking their noon-day meal, while we are at supper. The air is

cooler than at Madeira. The passengers are observing the Sabbath, which is the same to the Christian, whether on sea or land. Cleaving the waters of the Mediterranean, Spain on one side, Africa on the other. Our next stop will be Algeria.

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CHAPTER V.

ALGERIA.

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears."—*Norton*.

Feb. 12: We have had a fine run from Gibraltar, and now the ship is safely anchored in the harbor of Algiers on the north shore of Africa. Chartered boats carrying the American flag, took us ashore. Five of us hired a carriage, and very soon we were driving through the streets of the city to view the sights of this most wonderful place.

Algiers is controlled by the French. The Mohammedan, or Moorish, part of the city, is extremely oriental. Here are women with veiled faces, as in Egypt. Some wear flowing robes, while the men appear dressed as in the days of Abraham. We visited a Mosque, and were met by a solemn faced official dressed in Mohammedan costume. Carpets were spread on the floor, but we dare not step on them, until we were provided with sandals or slippers. Then he quietly conducted us around, and in broken English, explained to us something of their form of

worship. There are no seats in the Mohammedan churches. We saw numbers of the people on their knees, with bowed heads, and seemingly concentrated thoughts, as they breathed forth their prayers to Allah. Next we went to the burial place of their dead. Everything seemed so strange to us. The manner of conducting their work was an object of interest. Work shops were small. Some shoemakers had their kit of tools and bench on the sidewalk. How different in America. We observed the manner in which the Mohammedan makes shoes, and we also observed that as a rule the masses go bare foot.

Here we were again beset by beggars, blind, lame, and leprous, on every side, which the guide drove away. One little girl with a sweet face and beautiful dark eyes kept following us and reaching out her hand. I gave her a coin which seemed to delight her. She ceased to hold out her pretty little hand, saying in quite good English "baksheesh." Some of the streets are so narrow that only three persons can walk abreast. Through these, vehicles never pass, but the ever present donkey is here bearing his burden, and always claims the right of way. Returning to our carriages, we drove over the French portion of the city, which, like Paris, is beautiful.

We were taken to the governor's palace, and

enjoyed a pleasant walk through a grove of forest trees. Oranges, figs, lemons and dates, all flourish in abundance in and around Algiers. The houses are white, built of stone with roofs made of red tiling which gives them a bright and pretty appearance. I was struck with the high order of intelligence the Bedouins seemed to possess. Some of the women were dressed in white satins and silks. Many appeared beautiful so far as form, forehead, and sparkling eyes were concerned, but their faces were veiled. Our carriage ride, which was delightful, lasted four hours, and after our long voyage from Gibraltar, was greatly enjoyed by all.

We bade adieu to the city of Algiers. When the ship's anchor was raised from the bottom of the sea, the anchor chain brought up some earth on which was a shell, that I was fortunate enough to secure. I have had this shell mounted with gold, and it makes a very pretty souvenir. I have it on my watch chain. I do not wear it as an amulet, to prevent evil, but simply as a remembrancer of my visit to the beautiful city of Algiers. This city at one time was infested with pirates.

Feb. 13: Our ship is again plowing the historic waters of the Mediterranean. We are making good time. We have said good-bye to Algiers forever, and feel that it was a great priv-

ilege to visit the place, and set our feet on the dark continent of Africa, whose shores are still in sight. Sardinia is seen in the north. We have passed the site of ancient Carthage, and are now in the waters of the same great sea where Hannibal waged war against the Romans. Now we are passing the islands of Galita. They are bold and prominent as they rise from the sea. One looks like a camel in repose. How delightful the balmy air which comes to us from the African shore.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

"And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita."—Acts 28:1.

Feb. 14: 6:30 A. M. I was on deck in time to see the sun rise. The scene was transcendently glorious. The sun came forth out of the ocean, and poured a flood of light over the water, which took on a gorgeous rose color, changing to gold. The whole heavens were painted with a splendor which pen can but feebly describe.

Our ship is now at the Island of Malta. The bay is swarming with row-boats, painted in gay colors, and all carrying flags, on which was a lone star. We gazed in wonder, and reverential awe, on the island which we were about to visit. Nearly two thousand years ago Saint Paul landed here. His wrecked ship went to pieces in the fury of the waves, and the whole crew barely escaped with their lives. Wet and cold, they built a fire on this desolate shore. This fire not only warmed the cold shipwrecked mariners, but also a venomous viper which fiercely fastened on the apostle's hand. To the utter astonishment of the

natives, he shook it off into the fire and received no harm. At first they thought he was a murderer, escaped from the sea, whom judgment still followed. When they saw no harm came from the bite, they concluded he was a god. Such is the fickleness of human nature. One day we are borne on the high swells of admiration, and the next we sink in the vortex of popular contempt. Saint Paul lived on this island for a time, in great favor with the governor, whose name was Publius.

Soon after landing we were conveyed to the depot in carriages. Our carriage drive here cost only a sixpence. The city in which we landed is called Valetta. Here the British government has a fleet of warships, and because of the war in South Africa, there was a large number of vessels anchored in the bay. Soldiers coming and going gave the place a warlike appearance.

We visited the palace of the Governor, but could not enter at first because some meeting was in session. When the meeting was over, we were permitted to enter. There were four of us. We saw some of the most beautiful tapestry—flowers wrought in various colors by the needle. We were permitted to sit in the governor's chair. We saw many things of interest to us. It is stated that "It is yet the custom here, as in mediæval times, to ring bells in stormy weather, for the

purpose of warding off evil spirits and storm disasters. The bells for this purpose are blessed by priests and they are rung even in the dead of night, to the perpetual annoyance of unbelievers." Next, we passed into the Armory, where we saw a vast display of ancient armor from both Greece and Rome. We saw various implements of warfare, both offensive and defensive, spears, helmets, shields, coats of mail wrought out of brass and steel, which had been used in ancient warfare. Passing down the stairs, we were shown a large carriage in which Emperor Napoleon rode with the Governor of the island when he conquered it. The carriage was a curiosity. It was very heavy, and the tires on the wheels were bolted on in sections. It did not possess the grace and elegance of one of Studebaker's carriages made in South Bend, Indiana. It was richly finished, and no doubt in its day, was considered stately.

Our Maltese guide next conducted us to lunch, which consisted of a cup of cocoa and biscuit. The butter was made from goat's milk. We were not a little amused to see the milk venders distributing their milk. They drive the goats around on the streets, and stop in front of the various residences. The customer desiring milk stands and waits until it is milked from the goat. On receiving the milk, he hands a half piastre to the vender, who drives the goats to the next house

and so continues until all his customers have been served. This method had its advantages—there is no chance for adulteration. The goats were large and beautiful, very different from those in America. We were told that one animal would give 14 pints of milk at a milking.

We boarded the train after leaving our friend with the goats, and a seven-mile ride brought us to Citta Vecchia, another city of historic interest. Along the way we passed many beautiful gardens, and were told that the soil in those gardens was brought from Palestine on barges. The gardens were enclosed by stone walls, and each one had a square stone house where the gardener ate his lunch and kept his tools.

In Citta Vecchia we visited several places of interest, among which was the site of the reputed house of Publius, the chief man of the Island, whose father Paul healed of a malignant disease. This is recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts. We also saw the Grotto, where the apostle stayed for three months and then sailed for Rome. I have no language to describe the Cathedral, the church of Saint Paul. The paintings were by Michael Angelo. One represented the shipwreck of Saint Paul. In the Grotto underneath St. Francis Church was a life size statue of Saint Paul in marble. Some of the gateways were of solid silver. Wherever the eye turned

were paintings of sacred character. We saw St. Paul's Bay, where the shipwreck occurred, and where the apostle reached the shore.

We returned to Valetta and visited the Chapel of Bones, where we saw the skulls of 2,000 persons. These were arranged in a very artistic manner so as to display them properly from the floor to the dome. They were placed close together, while the bones of the other parts of the body were corded up on shelves. These were the bones of the Crusaders, who fell in battle with the Turks, while on their way to rescue the holy city, Jerusalem, from the hand of the Infidel. On an altar, the following words were inscribed in Latin:

"The world is a theatre, and human life is a tragedy,
Every earthly thing is a personification of vanity.
Death breaks and dissolves the illusion, and the boundary of all worldly things.
Let those who visit this place ponder well these maxims, and pray for the perpetual rest of the dead lying here, and carry with them a lively remembrance of death.
Peace be with you."

We next visited the school and museum. Here are taught law, medicine and theology. The students looked intelligent, and indeed all of us were impressed by their appearance. The Maltese are

dark complexioned, below medium height, and have well developed heads. The young lady clerks in stores were pretty, and intelligent. Although their language is a mixture of Arabic and Italian, they spoke the English language well. They are reported to be a law abiding and industrious people. The women wear a very unique bonnet, or head covering, which is a bonnet and cape combined. It is a one-sided affair made of silk, black in color. It is stiffened on one side by wire or rattan, which side they hold with their left hand to protect their faces from the sun, or the gaze of curious American tourists. The name of the bonnet is "faldeta."

The harbor is a great rendezvous for the British warships. About thirty of immense size are anchored in the bay. We saw a shipload of militia on their way to South Africa, to relieve a post so that the regular troops could go to the front. They were nearly all young men, and dressed in their scarlet uniforms, presented an imposing picture. It seems dreadful to have this, the flower and strength of the nation, destroyed by the ravages of war. For awhile their ship lay close alongside of ours, and they sang "God Save the Queen," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and gave cheers for America and England. As they crowded the decks of their gallant ship, our party took many snap-shot photographs of them.

We visited many stores, and were very much interested in going through the markets. We saw one thing that differed from our American custom. We decapitate a fowl, and then divest it of its feathers, but the Maltese pick the feathers from the live creature, and kill it afterward.

We were delighted with the climate, which is much like that of Southern California. The whole face of the country between Valetta and Citta Vecchia was a continuous succession of gardens, each surrounded by a stone wall and provided with a small garden house. We saw the natives using an exact type of the oriental plow, which was simply a forked limb of a tree. One side constituted the beam of the plow. This was long, and to it was attached an ox, while the other part was short, and formed the plow. In this crude way they scratched the soil. At this season of the year vegetables were ready for use. Barley was 20 inches high. The air was like that of June. I could but think of my home in Michigan, how cold it is there, while here winter is scarcely known. But, O, this is not America.

The British fortifications here, as well as at Gibraltar, possess great strength. Since Paul went ashore, dripping with the saline waters of the sea, surely God and man have wrought wonders in this emerald isle. Malta is called "England's eye in the Mediterranean." We left this interesting

place with pleasant memories of the city and its inhabitants.

Feb. 15: We left Malta on the evening of Feb. 14, just as the great cannon thundered forth the evening salute, and the vast rocks echoed, while the smoke arose in dense volumes and spread over the great ships of war.

Our gallant ship sailed all night and nothing unusual happened. This morning finds us far out at sea, and out of sight of land, rushing on toward Egypt, which will be our next stop. This evening we had a lecture on Palestine by Rev. Penhallegon, of Decatur, Ill., after which Mr. Timothy B. Hussey, of North Berwick, Me., gave an instructive talk on Palestine, in which country he had resided a number of years. He used a large map of Jerusalem to illustrate his subject.

Feb. 16: We are still on the Mediterranean, cutting through the waves, but expect to anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, Egypt, at 5 o'clock next Saturday morning. The day has been uneventful, with nothing of importance to record except that a fine entertainment was given this evening. After the entertainment, a collection was taken for the widows and orphans of the South African war. The amount received was over \$50.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

“Still through Egypt’s desert places,
Flows the lordly Nile,
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile.
Still the Pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious
Solemn, stony eyes.”—*Longfellow*.

Feb. 17: We were dressed and on deck before sunrise. The ship’s speed slackened, and the sailors began to take soundings. A light is seen on the shore. Now we see it; now it has vanished. Again it flashes and is seen far out at sea.

We are in the Bay of Alexandria, and for the first time, catch a glimpse of the shores of the land of the Pharaohs. Now, by means of our marine glasses, we see the steam tug with pilot aboard, leaving the shore. The tug reaches our ship, a rope ladder is thrown over the side, and he ascends. He is dressed in English costume and wears a scarlet cap. He immediately goes to the captain’s room and is now conferring with

him in regard to our landing, which we expect to be accomplished by 9 o'clock A. M.

What memories cluster around this old city which we are about to enter! We shall not remain here long, but shall proceed by rail to Cairo. The sea presents a fine picture, a most beautiful green, changing to light and dark blue. One of the party said that if a painter were to produce a picture of the scene, it would be condemned by the critics as overdrawn. We are having some difficulty in landing, because of the shallowness of the water. In due time we landed at Alexandria, being transported thither in small row-boats manned by native Egyptians. On reaching the harbor, we found it swarming with row-boats. There was a clatter and a jam and incoherent railing of the boat men, all anxious to secure their share, and more if possible, of the passengers.

In about one hour we were all safely landed on the wharf, and for the first time, we could truly say that we were in the land of the Pharaohs. We had not time to look about Alexandria, but we secured our baggage and a nice box lunch, provided from the steamer, and soon we were off for Cairo, 131 miles distant. We had a delightful ride in the quaint little English cars, which had doors opening in the side. We passed through a rich level country. It was as level as

the sea when calm, and as rich as earth can be made. We passed many Egyptian villages, and some good sized cities. The villages consisted of mud huts, some of which were built round, others square or rectangular.

We saw great numbers of cattle, camels and donkeys. The crops of cotton, sugar cane, barley and garden vegetables looked very luxuriant in growth. The plow and ox yoke were such as the people used in the time of Joseph. At one place we saw many people gathered at a funeral. The dead are not buried in the ground, but in stone sarcophagi, or caskets, which remain above ground. We caught a glimpse of the great pyramids on our way. It was amusing to see the natives riding donkeys and camels. As far as the eye could reach over the level valley of the Nile we could see fields of barley and cotton.

On the way, our train stopped for a rest, but at 5 P. M. we reached Cairo. As we left the train, such pulling, yelling, and gesticulating I have seldom seen. Each of us must receive a ticket of assignment to our respective hotels. This caused a terrible jam and required one-half hour. As each ticket was sent to us, we were assigned to a certain omnibus. Here a crowd of Arabs beset us on every side, wishing to carry our satchels, or do some little service, for which to demand a small fee. As we were about to

enter our omnibus, we were again beset by a crowd of beggars calling for "baksheesh" which means a present. We hear "baksheesh" everywhere. One is compelled to resort to force to protect himself. I was deeply impressed at seeing so many who were blind. I was told it was caused by flies and other insects, which prey on the little children's eyes. Some attribute it to the dust of hot summer. The Egyptians wear a cone-shaped scarlet cap. Some are dressed in the most extravagant style.

Feb. 18: This forenoon we visited one of the mosques, of which there are 360 in the city. Slippers were given to us, and as we were about to put them on our feet our guide interposed, saying that Americans need not put them on, but simply dust their feet. This we did, and passed inside to visit the interior of the mosque. If the marble exterior was imposing, the interior far surpassed it in beauty. I shall not attempt description. We saw several tombs of the Khedives. These were of immense size and very elaborate, being inlaid with marble, silver and mother of pearl.

This forenoon I witnessed the Mohammedan worship, which in this form, bordered on the ridiculous, and was at times disgusting and hideous. The dervishes would howl and go through the most exhausting physical gyrations I ever saw.

One old deceiver took a lamp chimney and pretended to eat it.

The Egyptians are shrewd in their way, and very much given to lying. Donkeys are seen everywhere. All Egyptians of the middle and lower classes go barefoot, and wear a Mohammedan dress which looks very droll to us Americans. The women are veiled. We visited the reputed well of Joseph. It was an immense hole 20 feet square, drilled down through the solid rock to a depth of 280 feet. Everything about it showed it to be of great age. We were shown the place where the last of the Mamalukes were slain. One of them caused his horse to leap down from a high precipice to escape, but was captured by a Khedive Ali Pasha. His noble horse was killed, but the Mamaluke finally escaped. There are marks of the horse's feet in the solid rock shown to the credulous, but our director said it was a modern device, simply to mark the place. We were shown the spot where the Virgin Mary rested with the child Jesus, while on her flight into Egypt. We stood on the banks of the Nile, not far from the place where Moses was found in the bulrushes.

All these scenes awakened hallowed memories. The appearance and habits of the people helped to prove the divine truth of the Bible. We took a stroll through many narrow streets and wind-

ing ways of old Cairo. The traveler can be accommodated with nearly everything, but pay is expected by the natives for every favor. O, the poverty, dirt and wretched condition of these indolent people. We found the cemeteries very interesting. We saw aqueducts built by the Romans and were struck by their great size and strength. Most of them are still standing, but time is doing its work.

Monday, Feb. 19: Breakfast over, carriages at the door, and we are away on a sight-seeing trip. 11 A. M. We have just returned from an extensive drive through the city of old Cairo. The Mosque of Mahomet, built 666 years A. D., by Sultan Hassen, showed age and extreme dilapidation of a once rich and splendid edifice. We were stopped at the door by officials of the Mosque, and slippers were placed on our feet. When we came out of the Mosque, these slippers were removed in a graceful manner by Egyptian girls, who did not forget to extend their hands for "baksheesh." It seems that every child is born with "baksheesh" in its mouth and the dying have the word upon their lips. Next we visited the old Coptic Church, which is indeed a relic of antiquity. It is called Abu Sargah, and is considered a good type of the ancient Egyptian church. Tradition says that the crypts under the church served as a refuge for the Holy Virgin

after her flight into Egypt. This crypt dates from the Arab conquest, while the church above is of more recent origin.

We next visited the island of Barada and saw the Nilometer, where the rise and fall of the river Nile is recorded. It is said to be on the site where Moses was taken from the water. At 2 P. M. lunch is over and we are off for another drive to see more of the Mohammedan mosques. One built of marble is the finest in the city. It was erected by one of the great rulers of the city, but is fast going to ruin. I shall not attempt a description. Nearly all the mosques present an old appearance and show decay. May God hasten the day, when on the fallen ruins of the Mohammedan Church, shall be forever established the kingdom of our Christ; when the Koran shall be forsaken, and the Christian's Bible fill the world with truth and light.

As I sit in my room writing these lines, from my window I can see a marriage procession. A band is in front, and carriages of friends following. I see something on the top of a man's head like a cabinet organ. After him follows the bride in a closed carriage, made more secure by many Turkish rugs of various colors laid over and hung about the carriage. Some of the equipages are richly furnished, and leads me to think that the marriage is of the better class. In this

country woman is a mere toy or burden bearer, and not like the queen of the American home. I am convinced that the strength of any nation, depends on the elevation of woman to her proper place.

Feb. 20: To-day a long cherished desire has been gratified—we have visited the Pyramids of Egypt. These have been so minutely described in almost every encyclopedia and guide book of travels in this land, that for me to attempt a description here is superfluous. The trip from our hotel to the Pyramids was made in carriages drawn by horses. The roads were macadamized and bordered on each side by beautiful Acacia trees. The valley of the Nile is a marvel of beauty. Barley, alfalfa and garden vegetables were growing as in the month of June in America. We met long caravans of camels carrying their great loads of produce to the Cairo market. Flocks of goats and Egyptian cattle were also on their way to market. Sugar cane, oranges, and all kinds of produce, are brought to market on camels and donkeys.

There is one more burden bearer that I must mention—woman. The mothers, wives and daughters of the nation were going to market barefoot, bearing heavy loads on their heads. Instead of murmuring because of their hard lot, they all seemed to be happy. The men were

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dressed in white, and the women in black. We passed a constant stream of humanity pouring into the great city of Cairo. The physical endurance of these people is marvelous. The immense size of the Pyramids, like Niagara, grows on one until he is almost bewildered. It required the toil of 100,000 men twenty years to finish this work. When I looked at the large size granite blocks, dressed and placed in position, I was dumb with wonder at the accomplishment of a task so great. I passed through the entrance to the tombs of the kings, and climbed the side of the largest Pyramid until I had a fine view of the valley of the Nile, and the great desert.

The Sphinx was next visited. This is also another object of wonder. It is of great size, and cut out of the solid rock. Such a work is beyond the conception of the ordinary individual. Standing on the base of the great Sphinx, and while the sands of the Desert of Sahara are drifting about me, I write these lines. On our return, we visited the Egyptian museum of Gizeh, which is open every day from 9:30 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. We avoided visiting the museum on Tuesday, as this is a free day and open to all the lower classes of Arabs. There are collections of antiquities in about eighty rooms. We looked into the faces of the Rameses, and I was especially interested in viewing the re-

mains of old King Pharaoh, of the Exodus. While I looked at the form, face and hands, my thoughts went back to the time when the hard-hearted old king so terribly abused God's people, requiring them to make bricks, and compelling them to gather a portion of the material, thus abusing and tyrannizing over them until their cry arose to God, who raised up a Moses to lead his people out from this land of cruel bondage. We saw many bricks of the same kind, that is, made of mud and straw, as in the time of Moses.

One sees a great many things which appear droll; a man sawing wood by holding the saw and rubbing the stick upon it. I saw young girls sitting down in the street, making camel's dung into cakes, with their hands. These cakes were dried and sold in the markets for fuel. Goats and donkeys occupy the sidewalk, the goats being driven from door to door and milked, instead of sending the milk around by a milk wagon. Eggs are small and in great demand. Here cocoanuts hang on the stately palm trees.

Feb. 21: To-day we visited Heliopolis, city of the sun. Here was the great Egyptian school, and here Moses received his education. We looked on the only remaining obelisk. It is of red granite, and stands as it stood when Moses looked upon it thousands of years ago. Near this great center of education, we were shown the

spot where Joseph and Mary rested with the babe. The heart of a Christian is stirred by these things. Here were the brick-yards of Egypt, and in this very place we saw thousands of sun dried bricks such as were made in the time of Moses, and things no doubt are much the same now as then.

From the veranda of our hotel we see some little acrobats, dressed in gay colored livery, performing for us. Later. I am riding in a boat on the Nile. Cocoa trees make a fringe of beauty on the banks. O, this wondrous river Nile. I am delighted to have the privilege of sailing on the waters of the river where God, through the word of Moses, caused it to run red with blood. The sun is hot, like a typical South California day. We see a man fishing, and recall to mind the time when the fish in the river died. The beauty and fertility of the Nile valley is unsurpassed. When we had gone up the river as far as we desired, our party disembarked. An old Arab carried two of us on his back to the shore, and then called for "baksheesh." On the banks of the river we visited two Egyptian villages, and were much interested in the mode of life of the natives. We, however, were as much of a curiosity to them as they were to us. We could see the women peeping through the crevices of the door to catch a glimpse of the strange people from far away America. I am more and more convinced

that no nation can rise higher than the condition of its women.

We saw many of them carrying mortar in large vessels on their heads to the men who were laying brick. From a scaffolding which was not held together by nails, but tied with ropes, the men continued to work in apparent security. Here sugar cane is eaten by the Egyptians and Arabs. The drawing of water was a primitive operation. Oxen and milch cows were hitched to a beam, and, by going around in a circle, turned the great wooden wheel on which is a band of ropes having earthen jars attached. These jars fill with water at the bottom of the well, or pit, and then empty at the top into a large trough, which in turn discharges into a ditch. In this manner they irrigate their land. The poor animal is blindfolded when started at the wheel, and she continues to go round and round until stopped by her driver. Thus far I have not seen a man intoxicated in Cairo. Men jostle each other through the narrow streets, but are polite and appear to have little trouble with each other.

Feb. 22: Washington's birthday in America. The morning is cool, but as the sun ascends, it will be hot again. I have been reading the Bible account of Joseph presenting his father to Pharaoh.

I am sitting on the porch of the Khedivial

hotel and looking at various modes of travel. Some are mounted on camels and donkeys, others on bicycles; some are traveling by street car, while the Arabs are walking barefoot. Veiled women with the oriental water pitcher on their heads, and men with great leathern bottles on their backs are passing and repassing. There goes a nobleman in a splendid equipage, preceded by trained runners dressed in gorgeous livery. We could enumerate many other interesting sights, but this morning must bid adieu to Cairo. Farewell to Cairo, its river and valley, forever.

After a ride of 130 miles through a fine country called the Delta of the Nile, we find ourselves again in Alexandria. We had a carriage drive for two hours over the city, visited Pompey's Pillar and some of the principal streets, after which we were taken to the wharf, where many boats were waiting to carry us to our dear old ship. We have become much attached to this vessel. It has carried us thousands of miles, and is our temporary home. After an absence of five days, we are glad to reach home.

Our ship is now bearing us out on the waters of the great Mediterranean, and is heading for the ancient city of Joppa, Palestine, which we hope to reach to-morrow morning. Alexandria is receding from view. Farewell, Egypt, forever.

The wonders of thy land, the many hallowed memories shall ever remain engraved on memory's tablet. When thy monuments have all crumbled, and the remains of thy temples are forever obliterated; when thy minarets and obelisks have all fallen, and returned to dust, the pages of history will still recite thy former greatness to future generations.

One of our party met with a painful accident on entering the small boat to be carried to the ship at Alexandria. She had her hand on the edge of the boat when it collided with another boat, and it was badly crushed. A jeweler filed the rings off her fingers, and the ship's surgeon dressed the wound. No deaths have occurred aboard ship since we started, for which we are truly thankful. Our manager has assured us that none of our party shall be buried at sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest memories pilgrim-like throng,
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

—*Whittier.*

Feb. 23: The outlines of Palestine are in view. At 9 A. M. we shall land at Joppa. We had a good rest last night. This morning there is a strong head wind. Some of the party are fearful we shall have a dangerous landing. Breakfast is almost ready, and the passengers are all ready for the landing. We have left a hot climate, low lands and deserts, and are now in a higher altitude. It is much cooler.

Our party all landed safely at Joppa. Here we visited the house of Simon, the tanner. This village had some of the finest and cheapest oranges we have yet seen. Our visit here is much too short. All is hurry, and now we are off for Jerusalem. Passing through the Valley of Sharon we gathered a few lilies of beautiful scarlet color. We stopped at Ramleh, where Joseph of Arimathea lived. Passing through the Valley of

Ajalon, we reached the Judean Hills, and then the mountains round about Jerusalem. Here we are in the city over which Jesus wept.

After securing our rooms at the hotel, we started out with our guide and visited the Place of Wailing. We were taken through some of the darkest and filthiest streets I have ever seen. O, the wretchedness! We could hardly pass the loaded camels. There is a brightening day for Jerusalem. More liberty is granted by the Turkish government. We visited many fine stores and shops.

Feb. 24: We were called early this morning and breakfasted on the best of bread, butter, coffee and honey. At 8 A. M. we started for the Jordan, Jerico and the Dead Sea. Passing toward the east, we visited the Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Farther on we passed the cemetery on the side of the hill overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Here we first saw lepers. A group of them stood by the wayside. Some had both hands off, and, holding up the stumps, cried out most piteously for help. Many were blind and deformed. Some with one foot gone, hobbled after our carriage and cried out for "baksheesh."

Leaving this sad scene, we proceeded on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. We passed the place where the man fell among thieves, and saw

the inn where the good Samaritan met him and rendered assistance. Jesus used this incident as an illustration to teach the lawyer whom he should consider his neighbor. We saw the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. It was a delightful picture to see the shepherds leading their flocks on the mountains of Judea.

The road from Jerusalem to the plain of Jericho is serpentine in its way through the mountains, but smooth as a floor, and made of solid rock. Our long train of carriages descended 3,800 feet to the Dead Sea. Jericho, once known as the City of Palms, is where Rahab received the spies, and where Joshua commanded the people to march around the city while the priests blew trumpets. The walls fell.

This afternoon we have visited the Dead Sea and the fords of the Jordan where Israel crossed, and where Jesus was baptized. On our way here the Bedouins had a quarrel and it was somewhat amusing to see them. Finally a cigarette all around from our guide, settled them and on we went. There were three horses abreast. The drivers raced with each other at a frightful rate.

We are now stopping at the Gilgal Hotel, near the site of ancient Jericho. To-day we drank from the pool of Elijah, which is spoken of in the Bible as the place where Elijah healed the bitter waters and made them sweet. Many of our party,

fatigued with the day's journey, have retired. I shall do likewise, as to-morrow is Sunday, but, nevertheless, we must start by half-past six for Jerusalem. On the way we expect to visit Bethany, the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus.

Our party is attended by great armed Bedouins, who are acting as our guards. On our way we passed a caravan of 200 camels. What a sight it was to see those men and ships of the desert on their way to Jerusalem. In strong contrast was the sight of 28 carriages, each drawn by three horses abreast and filled with sight-seeing Americans. Our Bedouin guards were mounted and with great swords hanging from their sides they galloped along the line to protect our party from wild roving bands of desert robbers.

Feb. 25: This forenoon we returned from Jericho to Jerusalem. We visited the town of Bethany, and saw the house of Martha and Mary. From appearances it was the identical house in which they lived. It was built entirely of stone and was of great age. When we consider the town of Bethany was never destroyed, it strengthens our belief that this was the original home of Martha and Mary. We visited all the places of interest in Bethany. It seemed strange to us that we were on the spot where our blessed Lord raised Lazarus from the dead, and where Mary chose the good part.

We arrived in Jerusalem at 1 P. M., in time for lunch, after which we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and other places of interest. This evening we attended an English church, the pastor of which thinks the Jews will be gathered home to this city. He says when he came to Jerusalem a few years ago, there were only 8,000 Jews here, but now they number 50,000. He spoke earnestly about their conversion and said that he had received more than 500 Jewish converts into his church.

Feb. 26: We arose early this morning and after breakfast four of us, with a guide, took a carriage for Bethlehem, six miles distant, south of Jerusalem. On our way thither, our dragoman pointed out the Valley of Hinnon. We visited the tomb of Rachael, for whose hand Jacob served fourteen years. Rachael's remains repose here alone where she gave up her life for that of her infant son, Benjamin. Jacob's grave is in Hebron. We all experienced sorrow as we stood by the lonely grave of Rachael. Our next stop was at Solomon's Pools. They are situated in a valley through which runs a stream in time of rain. There are three pools nearly 150 yards long. The lower one is the largest. They were great in their day. After visiting the pools, we were driven into the village of Bethlehem, and were shown the place where the infant, Christ,

was born. A feeling of deep reverence took possession of our hearts. We ministers, on bended knees breathed a prayer of thanks to God for the "unspeakable gift." The site of Bethlehem has never been disputed. The sanitary condition of the town is not good. Squalid women, children, dogs and donkeys occupy the sidewalk, the donkey having the right of way. It appeared to us that the whole village had come out to see us. The trinket venders beset us in the wildest manner, almost dragging us into their stores and shops to purchase their wares. Here the workers in mother-of-pearl are seen, making beautiful articles from the crude shell. These articles are of trinket variety, and are for sale. One part of the village was a great improvement on the other. The buildings were entirely of stone from foundation to roof.

We returned to Jerusalem for lunch, and then went with our guide to visit the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of the ancient temple of Solomon. I think this Mohammedan church is the finest I have yet seen. The interior of the great dome sparkles with mosaics of pearl. I shall not attempt to describe the richness and grandeur of this edifice.

Next we visited the stables of Solomon. These have been exhumed and are in an excellent state of preservation. We next went to visit the Pool

of Bethsaida. It lies very deep below the surface and has the appearance of being the original pool where Christ healed the man, who told him that when the waters were troubled, he had no one to put him into the pool, but while he was waiting some one stepped in before him. We saw the Hall of Pilate, which has been brought to light from the depths of the ruins. After slumbering there nearly two thousand years, this Hall was well preserved. The color of the paint was still bright. One is almost bewildered with the many things he hears and sees.

Feb. 27: Dark and raining. This morning I started to visit the Jewish quarters, but after visiting a few places, the rain came down in such torrents that I decided to go no further, and returned to my temporary home, the Howard Hotel, to dry my clothing. Those who continued sight-seeing this morning, returned dissatisfied. This is the season of tourists, and they are pouring into Jerusalem. A Gaze party has just left, and besides our large party, under able management, Cook landed a party last night. The ladies' parlor had to be given up to sleepers. I am convinced that this city, and some others in this country of the Orient, are greatly supported by tourists.

I am very solicitous, indeed I am anxious, in regard to our seven days' horseback ride from

Jerusalem to Galilee. I am not very well, but if I take this ride, I must make the best of it. I trust that the same Hand that has led me thus far, will continue to lead me safely through the land of Jesus, and the land of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

This afternoon I have visited the Mount of Olives, and looked over the city of Jerusalem. It was one of the finest views I have ever seen. As the Saviour sat here and looked at the city of His day, with its temple in which the ancient people of God worshipped, as He saw it in all its glory, He wept because, in prophetic vision, He beheld its downfall. Leaving the Mount of Olives, we went into the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus wept and prayed. Next we visited the Tombs of the Kings, which were truly wonderful.

Feb. 28: Still it rains. My cold caused me to cough considerably during the night, and, as I am not feeling well I have decided that it would not be prudent for me to go for the horseback ride across Palestine. I am disappointed, but this is a world of disappointments. The party are all excitement over the horseback trip. The most friendly feeling exists in the party. The trip is a great undertaking, but the Lord has been good to us.

I am now about 7,000 miles from my home. I

have received no letter yet from my homeland except from Bro. Sickafoose. I expect mail from my wife and oldest son at Beyrout. In this far distant foreign land it is a comfort to think that I have a home and loved ones.

I am sitting in the Howard Hotel, looking out on the southern part of Jerusalem, and have visited all places of note in and around the city: namely, Mount of Olives, Jordan and the Dead Sea, Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Tombs of the Kings, Solomon's Pools, and Jewish quarters. How many times I have heard of the dogs and donkeys of Jerusalem. The dogs have a wolfish look, but seem to be peaceable. They are the scavengers of the city, and appear to realize their inferior dog position in the city's economy; but pedestrians must all stand aside for the donkey, for he realizes that he has the right of way on the sidewalk. The butter here is the poorest I have ever eaten. It is churned in a goat-skin. The milk is placed in the skin, which is then shaken and kicked about until it is, as they say, "finish." This is a great word among the Arabs—finish. In the city of Cairo, Egypt, I remember calling for milk in my coffee at the hotel, but the waiter shook his head and said "finish." By this he meant that the milk was exhausted—there was none.

I am jotting down these notes in a small

pocket memorandum book, and I now discover that I am on the last page of volume I, and must procure another book. As I close the first volume, I must record that I am now enjoying the cherished desire of many years, the event of my ministerial life, a trip to the Holy Land.

March 1: This morning we have said farewell to Jerusalem, and are on our way to Joppa, where we shall board the ship for Caifa, on our way to Galilee. O, what memories cluster around these historic places. The cars are ready to start. Good-bye, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Bethany, cities in which Jesus was born, rested, taught and lived. In the present city of 60,000 there is not a mill, factory or newspaper. When we contemplate its past glory, and contrast it with its present condition, with the hand of the Turk still heavy upon it, we are convinced that the fate promised by Christ is still resting on Jerusalem.

We are now on board the steamer for Caifa, with the weather warm and balmy. Joppa is in full view on the shore, with its matchless groves of oranges. We have transversed the Mediterranean Sea from one end to the other, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. How good our God is, and how manifold His mercies. We render praise and thanksgiving to Him for His protecting care on this long voyage.

Near this place Jonah took ship to flee from the call of God to preach the gospel at Nineveh. We landed at Caifa at 9 in the evening. It was dark. We were taken ashore in rowboats. The Arabs were unusually boisterous, and finally came to blows. My cold is more severe, and is affecting my eyes, head, throat and lungs.

March 2: We were booked for Mt. Carmel, but for the present were brought to a nunnery. We are, however, in full view of the mountain where Elijah called down fire from Heaven. Our carriages are ready and we start for Nazareth. Just before we entered the Plain of Esdraelon, we stopped for lunch. Mt. Carmel is in full view, where God sent fire to consume the sacrifice, and where he slew four hundred prophets of Baal. The scenery here is picturesque. The Plain spreads out before us in wondrous beauty. In this Valley, the Philistines fought with King Saul, and in this vicinity ended the life of Saul and his sons, among whom was the noble Jonathan, David's most intimate friend. I look on this scene with much emotion. We have passed the place where Deborah and Barak overcame the Canaanites, and where Jael drove the nail into the temple of the enemy's leader.

I am now sitting in the shadow of a great rock on the way to Nazareth, six miles distant. We have crossed the Plain of Esdraelon, and while

our Arabian horses are resting at the foot of the mountain, I have come on before to find time to write. The view is magnificent. Two villages are in sight. To-night we shall stay at Nazareth, where Jesus was raised from the dead. How our hearts swell with emotions at the thought of being near this place. The country about here presents a fine subject for a painter. There are three priests in the carriage in which I am riding. The four horses drawing the vehicle are required to do their best in crossing the plains, which were almost impassable because of recent rains. It recently rained continuously for 20 hours.

Now the party have left the carriages and are walking up the mountain side to relieve the horses. We have now reached Nazareth, and are stopping at a Catholic Hospice, where we were well entertained. This town was the early home of Jesus. It is now a city of 8,000 inhabitants and possesses some good bazaars and hotels. We visited the home of Joseph and Mary.

Oriental life and customs are seen on every hand. We saw the maidens of the town come to the Virgin's Fountain, fill their pitchers, enjoy a little social gossip and then place their pitchers on their heads and walk away to their homes as if those pitchers, which hold at least two gallons, were simply ornaments for their heads. This

fountain flows out of a rock, and at this point, pours forth from two great stone spouts, and flows over a stone floor where the women come to wash clothing.

March 3: We left Nazareth at 7:30 A. M. and proceeded around the Mountain, again having an excellent view of the town. Soon we arrived at Cana, of Galilee, where our Lord wrought His first miracle—the turning of water into wine. We visited the same fountain where the servants obtained the water, which, after it was turned to wine, the governor pronounced the best of the feast.

The village of Cana is not very clean. The people live mostly in mud huts. The faces of the women have a discouraged look, and they all have an unkempt appearance. There is great degradation of society here under Turkish rule. We visited the place where the marriage referred to in the New Testament occurred. Bidding adieu to Cana, our procession of 21 carriages moved on up the Lebanon Valley toward the Sea of Galilee. We rested and took lunch at a place by the wayside near a pool of water. The day was hot and our noble horses were very warm. As there was not a tree in sight, we ate our lunch in our carriages. As I write these lines, I remember that our Lord went back and forth to Jerusalem and Capernaum.

I have left the carriages and walked ahead and now I have a fine view of the lofty hills on the other side of the sacred Sea of Galilee. Mt. Tabor and Mt. Hermon are in view. As I walk, I am thrilled with the first sight of the sea and mountains. Hermon is covered with snow and ice and its grandeur fills my heart with emotion. How much I wish my friends could also behold this beautiful scene! I am reminded of the song, and it is now on my lips, "O, Galilee, sweet Galilee." On this very ground Jesus fed the five thousand. On my left is the Mount of Beatitudes, where He preached the sermon on the Mount.

We are now entering Tiberias, and the people of the town have come out to see us. They could see our train of carriages coming down the mountain side for half an hour before we reached the town, and they have lined the roadway on both sides—young men and maidens, and an escort of Turkish soldiers, thus showing great respect to the strange Americans. At our first meal in Tiberias we dined on fresh fish from the Sea of Galilee. I am settled in a good room and shall rest.

March 4: Sunday. I am sitting by the Sea of Galilee, watching the fishermen who are taking fish from their boats as Peter, James and John did in the days of Christ. There are women with

their water pitchers wading out into the sea to fill them. We have crossed the sea to Capernaum. I have read that part of the New Testament aloud which relates to the ministrations of our Lord about this place.

What a lovely trip we had across the sea. I behold but a few ruins and broken columns, which are all the visible remains of ancient Capernaum. This city, in His day, was exalted unto Heaven, but now, according to His word, is thrust down to Hell. We saw gardens, flowers and lemon trees, and also saw them baking bread. Next we took a boat, manned by Arabs, and were soon landed on the ancient site of Bethsaida. Here the roses rivaled those of Southern California. Oranges, figs, and lemons grow in rich profusion. The day is warm. We shall take lunch here overlooking the sea. Our Arabs are keeping up such a jargon that I can scarcely write. They are not modest, according to American standards. We were carried to our rowboats in the arms of Arabs who were almost naked.

Last evening we attended the preliminaries of a wedding. We heard the cry and saw a procession advancing carrying a light. We followed and were received into a hall where there was music and dancing. The mother of the bride appeared delighted, and led in the merriment of

the evening. Presently a servant entered carrying a tray containing cups of fine jelly and a lot of silver spoons. Each of us Americans took a spoon, dipped it into a cup of jelly, and, after tasting it, placed the spoon in an empty glass. After each of us had been served in turn in this manner, next came a tray of small cups of coffee. After partaking of the coffee, we insisted on seeing the bride. She was a good looking girl and shook hands with each of us. Next came the groom, a solemn faced boy of 15 years. He also shook hands with all American tourists, then returned to his seat. More dancing followed and we left. The couple will be married eight days later.

This afternoon we took a stroll through the town and were astonished at its unsanitary condition. Here are these people in ignorance, while Protestant Christianity would educate and uplift them. In the morning we shall start for Caifa, where we shall meet our ship. We must soon bid farewell to Galilee forever. To me it is the most beautiful sheet of water I have ever seen. This is the place where Peter, James and John left their unmended nets to rot on the shore, and followed the blessed Christ who made them fishers of men.

This evening I attended services in a Scotch Presbyterian Hospital. I visited the sick and

was called on to pray. An Arabic woman acted as interpreter, sentence by sentence, as I offered prayer. It was a joy to mingle with Christians so far from home. I was deeply moved with sympathy for the poor suffering ones who were afflicted here where the Master cured so many, but He is still carrying on His blessed work through this institution. We shall leave here at 7 A. M. to-morrow.

March 5: All are astir preparing to start on our journey. Sixty-two horses must be made ready. We have a long hill to climb in starting for Caifa where we shall meet our ship, but we must remain over night at Nazareth. Our departure was rather imposing. A line of Turkish soldiers, armed, and in full uniform, were drawn up on each side of the street. A large number of citizens gathered to see us start. When all was ready a blast from a bugle was given as a signal and our 20 carriages began to move up the side of the mountain. It was an inspiring spectacle to see so large a party of American citizens, returning from a visit to the places frequented by their loving Lord. After a slow march of two hours, we could look directly down on the Sea of Galilee, the River Jordan, and the ancient sites of the Capernaum and Bethsaida. To the north, snow capped Mt. Hermon lifted his majestic form to an altitude above the clouds. The day

was perfect and the sea appeared to slumber in peace as when Jesus said, "Peace, be still." We reached an altitude of 1500 ft. and the scene seemed to lie in grace and beauty just below us. Surely this was the most inspiring picture of nature I have ever had the privilege to behold, and the scene will never be forgotten.

"Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;

Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene,

And I pause on the goat crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee."

Along our way we met caravans of camels driven by great rough looking Bedouins, but the entire road from Tiberias on the Sea, to Nazareth, was made safe by the Turkish guards.

We are now safely domiciled in a strong monastery which affords us excellent entertainment. To-day on our return from Galilee we again passed through Cana. I bathed my hands in the stream of the same fountain from which the water was taken that was turned into wine. This stream gushes from the rock and makes a pool which is curbed with hewn stone. There is an abundance of this water for the entire village, and it is a novel sight to see the women come to

this fountain to fill their pitchers. In all my travels in the Orient I have seen only one man carrying water. I presume they think it is beneath their dignity.

March 6: Morning at Nazareth. I arose early, as we have a long drive to-day, but with our four Arabian horses, we expect to arrive at Caifa at 1 P. M. Just now some Arab boys are quarreling for the privilege of blacking the shoes of a priest. These baksheesh people are very hard to satisfy.

Our carriages are now ready and we say farewell to the only home of our blessed Lord. How often in memory we shall return and behold those hills, made sacred by the footprints of Him who redeemed us. Oriental life is seen on every hand, and the firm grasp of the Turk will ever keep it so until God shall lift his heavy hand from the necks of the groaning people.

11:15 A. M. We have made good time this forenoon, having just finished lunch, and are resting under a large live oak in full view of Mt. Carmel. We see the range of mountains, and on the spot where Elijah offered sacrifice, stands a building. What a privilege to look on these historic places, where God manifested His power and vindicated His prophet. In imagination I can hear the prophet calling down fire from Heaven to consume the sacrifice.

We are far on our way now ; Caifa is in view, and the day after to-morrow we shall board our ship again, after twelve days of travel without an unoccupied hour. This is like a June day. Farmers are plowing their fields, and the fig trees are putting forth their leaves. Oranges of the finest quality are grown in this Mediterranean country. We have reached Caifa in good time, and are again in the same hospitable place where we stopped before we started to Galilee. Our accommodations are excellent. Mt. Carmel, behind which the sun is hidden long before he sets, is still in full view. We expect our ship to-morrow. We have heard that the sea at Joppa is very rough and this may delay our ship. We expect to drive up Mt. Carmel to-morrow and visit the spot where Elijah prayed for rain. To-day I called at the office of the American Consul, over whose building the Stars and Stripes were floating, but he was not in.

March 7: Last night we were at the Hospice, a Catholic Institution kept by Sisters, and we were well entertained with vocal and instrumental music. This morning the sea is more calm, and we are waiting for our carriages before making the ascent of Mt. Carmel. This climate is much like that of Southern California. We are learning a great deal about geography and human nature on this wonderful trip. As I look

out of my window, I see the town of Acre, where the Crusaders made their headquarters. This forenoon we ascended half way up Mt. Carmel in carriages, but were obliged to walk the remainder of the distance to the summit. We visited a monastery situated on a high point running out into the sea, also the Grotto, or reputed cave where Elijah lived, near the School of the Prophets. I shall read my Bible with new interest.

Word comes to us from Mt. Carmel that our ship, with the Egyptian section of our party, is in sight. We have been separated twelve days, and it will be pleasant to meet again. I must soon leave this strange people, these historic grounds and this Institution, kept by the Sisters, who have made our stay very pleasant. The houses here are of stone, with tile floors and roof, and have no wood about them except the window frames and doors. I have not heard a fire alarm during my sojourn in the Orient.

Our ship has arrived and we are all aboard. It seems like home again. To-night we start for Beyrout, Syria, where we expect to arrive tomorrow. Farewell, Palestine, forever. My room-mate, Dr. Noble, is ill and I have changed rooms. I slept well last night, but am much disappointed in getting no mail from home.

March 8: This day is ever remembered by

me, as 52 years ago my father died, and I always remember it wherever I am. Here in this far away land I record my fond remembrance of him who worked and planned for his children. Our ship is now about to anchor in the harbor of Beyrout. The great snow covered mountains of the Lebanon range are in full view. The Jordan River has its source in these majestic mountains.

Our party is now landing in small boats, but as the weather is rainy, I think I shall not go ashore now. Beyrout is beautiful in appearance, and one of the most attractive objects is the American College. To-day on board the ship, I met Mr. Nisely, of Dayton, Ind., who is well acquainted with all my old friends and neighbors in that locality. We had a pleasant visit together. He is engaged in educational work in Beyrout. Some say that Beyrout has over 100,000 inhabitants. This is the extreme eastern point of our cruise and we now turn the ship's prow westward. Some of the passengers are again seasick, but I have not yet experienced the dread complaint.

CHAPTER IX.

SMYRNA.

"And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write."
—Revelations 2:8.

March 9: The morning dawns bright and clear as crystal. On our right are seen the great snow-covered mountains of Asia Minor. During the night we passed Cyprus, and to-day we shall pass Rhodes, and to-morrow morning land at Smyrna. There is a strong head wind but the Captain says we can make better speed for the wind gives a better draft to the fires under the boilers of the engines. We are making excellent time. The motion of the ship renders writing somewhat difficult. The ship is making 321 miles per day.

The bugle sounds for breakfast. I notice the passengers are not so merry as they were at first because of the fatigue of travel, but all seem happy. To-day I received a package of letters from my son Edward. It was a real treat, and afforded me a pleasant surprise. Our grand old ship is now passing the Isle of Rhodes. It has no trees or verdure, and appears the very throne

of desolation. It contains a lighthouse whose beams flash far out to sea to warn voyagers and give them safety. This lone light tower, standing out on a lofty peak, appears to me like a sentinel soldier, standing at the post of duty. The great Colossus has long since fallen, and we shall see no traces of its ancient greatness.

March 10: I am now writing at the tomb of Polycarp, the martyred Bishop of Smyrna. We arrived at 7:00 this morning. Smyrna is a large town in Asia Minor, famous for its rugs. It is situated on a beautiful bay, which at present is full of ships. The people appear better educated, and more advanced than those in many of the towns which we have visited. We took a walk through the bazaars and saw many of the rugs and carpets.

One of our party had a quarrel with the guide, who was negligent of his duty. I have learned by experience that every tourist must be cautious or he will be most shamefully imposed upon by some of the guides, who are ready to fabricate almost anything which they think will please the American taste. I have seen many people who do not live, but simply exist; while, on the other hand, there are some of our lady tourists in our party who require so much waiting on, that our ship steward appears to have a fatigued look whenever they call him.

This afternoon we are spending our time in the cabin writing. Our ship has given a shrill whistle which sounds to me much like our fire alarm in Buchanan, and we are informed that we shall start for Constantinople at 5 P. M.

March 11: Sunday morning. Our good ship sped on through the night, winding its way among the many islands in this part of the Mediterranean Sea, while our Captain remained on the bridge all night long with watchful eye on our course, lest we should be wrecked on the rocks.

CHAPTER X.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The European with the Asian shore
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam,
The cypress grows—Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream."
—*Byron.*

Now we are passing through the Dardanelles, not far from the site of ancient Troy. The Dardanelles is 40 miles long and from 1 to 4 miles wide. From both sides its forts of frowning cannon stand guard over the land of the Sultan. The Turk holds both sides of the Dardanelles. We are now in the same latitude as New York, and the morning is cold. We have passed through the Dardanelles, crossed the Sea of Marmora and are passing up the Bosphorus, which enters the Black Sea. After steaming up the Black Sea a short distance, we shall return at 3 P. M. and land at Constantinople. We have traveled so far north since leaving Palestine that the weather here is as cold as Michigan. I am sitting in the forward salon awaiting the hour for religious service.

This morning I obtained permission from the

chief engineer to visit his department, the magnitude of which grows on one. The ship has two main shafts of steel 15 inches in diameter and 180 feet long. These pass through the stern of the ship and on the end of each is the mighty propeller, which, under the influence of steam, drives the vessel forward at the rate of 380 miles a day.

5:30 P. M. We are now anchored in the Bosphorus, and Constantinople is in view. It presents a gorgeous appearance. The great Mosque of Sancta Sophia, with its four tall minarets, the palace of the Sultan, and in fact the whole city is spread out before us. We shall remain aboard to-night and go ashore to-morrow. The weather is cold. Our mail has just been brought aboard, and O, what an eager crowd to hear from home and friends. Mail from America inspires everyone with new life. I received a letter from my wife, one from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins, and one from my son, Edward. I was exceedingly glad to receive these letters from my home, and I do hope that those which I have written will reach their destination.

I have read the "Prince of India", by General Wallace, wherein is recorded the great conquest of Mohamet, his victory over Constantine, and the taking of this city of Constantinople, and to-

morrow we expect to walk the streets and visit the places of interest. As I look out and see a boat approaching bearing the American flag, my patriotic American heart beats faster.

March 12: This is Monday morning and we are still anchored in the channel in front of the city, but we shall go ashore at 8 A. M. Two sad deaths have occurred in our party.

We have landed and I am on the top of Galata Tower, having a fine view of the city. This forenoon we took a boat ride up the Golden Horn and back again. Our ascent of the Galata Tower was fatiguing, but I was repaid by the view I had of the city with its million inhabitants. This great city, called by the Turk, Stamboul, or Istamboul, is the ancient Byzantium. Here, two civilizations and religions struggled for mastery. On May 29, 1453, the Turks, numbering 250,000, led by Mahomet the Conquerer, successfully stormed the city, which was valiantly defended by that noble Monarch, Constantine XIII, with only 5,000.

Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turk, who entered amid awful pillage, rapine, and slaughter, and still holds the city as his capital.

On that fateful day the Christian religion and its emblems were swept away, and the Moslem religion, which remains to this day, was established.

We visited Sancta Sophia. The present church was built in the sixth century by the Emperor Justinian. It required ten thousand workmen seven years to complete the structure. Materials were brought from every part of the Empire. It contains remains of many pagan temples. The dome of the tabernacle was of pure gold, surmounted by a gold cross weighing 75 pounds and encrusted with precious stones. All the sacred vessels were of gold. Altar cloths embroidered with gold and pearls. The altar itself was a mass of molten gold, into which were thrown pearls, sapphires, diamonds, onyxes, and everything which could increase its value. Its cost was about sixty-five million dollars.

It was taken from Constantine by Mahomet, who made some changes in this, the greatest wonder of antiquity of its kind now in existence. The architecture and design are of a high order. Many of the columns were brought from afar, some from Heliopolis, Egypt, others from Ephesus. The dome is 180 feet high and more than 100 feet in diameter. Sancta Sophia must be seen to be properly appreciated.

This city is noted for its dogs. I counted 17 in one pack. They are on every square. They are owned by everyone, and yet have no master. Dogs everywhere. They are protected by law, and superstitiously held in reverence, but

like the Turk, they appear to be in a miserable condition. As a rule the streets of Constantinople are paved with cobble stones, and are not very clean. The bazaars are fine. The Turk is an active solicitor of trade.

We visited the Museum of Antiquities and the Tomb of Alexander the Great, which is one of the finest works of marble in existence. We were shown the reputed skull of the ambitious conquerer, and many clay tablets and cylinders which have shed much light on the obscurity of antiquity. To-morrow we hope to visit the Palace and Treasury of the Sultan.

March 13: I have been out on deck with an agent of this steamship company, who is very well informed. I had a fine view of the Palace of the imprisoned brother of the Sultan. According to Turkish law, the brother of the Sultan must be killed, but in this case, instead of killing him, they built a palace in which to imprison him. I call it a palace because it has a palatial appearance. This great city grows on one the longer he beholds it. The German Embassy and Hospital are in full view of our ship. Our vessel was too large to dock in the Bosphorus, and we were obliged to land in steam tenders. The weather is cool and much like that of many places of America in the Middle States.

Last evening we had a lecture from a professor

of the Robert College. This college was founded by Mr. Robert, of New York, in 1863, and is supported by New York men. It has 300 students, and is doing excellent work. The lecturer said that the Americans were accused of being responsible for the Armenian massacre. This was true in the sense that America enlightened the Armenians, and when enlightened, they would not endure the tyranny to which they were subject, and in their efforts to throw off the yoke, were massacred.

This afternoon we visited the palace of the Sultan. It was a magnificent building with walls of alabaster, marble and crystal stairs, silver tables, mirrors of immense size and perfect in quality, elegant furniture and beautiful decorations. The Throne Room alone cost one million dollars. Soon we must leave the seat of Ottoman power, and proceed to Athens, Rome, Naples and other places.

March 14: I was on deck this morning before sunrise, and later old Sol arose and revealed the city in its glory. Of the cities which I have visited, Constantinople is far above them all for beauty of situation. Last night we slept aboard ship in the middle of the Bosphorus. Constantinople is situated on a number of elevations, each having a name, but all included in the city. Very few visitors here go away with a feeling

of disappointment. The government is said to be rotten, the soldiers superstitious, and the Sultan an effeminate coward, who scarcely looks out of his palace without a military escort. The whole Ottoman Empire is held together by the jealousy of the other powers.

On leaving the city this morning we steamed up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, passing a continuous line of cities and forts. The natural scenery is unsurpassed. On the European side is the Robert College. The students raised the Stars and Stripes and came out on the campus and the roof of the building to greet us. Our ship gave a salute, and waved hundreds of American flags. Cheer after cheer went up from the ship and was returned with equal spirit by the students. After steaming a short distance into the Black Sea, we then returned to Constantinople and as we passed the American College another salute was given.

Now we must bid adieu to Constantinople, the seat of Ottoman power, under which government we have been ever since we entered Palestine. We must now leave the Turk, who, for all we know, has treated us with as much respect as he is capable. What protection he has given us we do not fully know, as this is an absolute Monarchy. An American who has been granted "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" does

not feel the safety here that he does in his own country. Our gallant ship now leaves Constantinople, passes into the Sea of Marmora, thence through the famous Dardanelles, which connects it with the Aegean Sea.

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CHAPTER XI.

ATHENS.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits."—*Milton*.

March 15: The weather is dark and rainy this morning. Last night we passed the site of ancient Troy. Prof. Penny delivered an illustrated lecture on Athens. We are now in the Aegean Sea and will stop at Piraeus, where we shall take the train for Athens.

On Tuesday of this week, our manager asked me to change my state room. This I did to his pleasure, as well as my own, for I received a better room amidships. It is an outside room and I am well pleased. We have had a white squall, during which the sea was lashed into foam.

To-day we have been passing through a great number of islands, one of which is the Isle of Patmos, to which John was banished. Instead of pining away in banishment, he gave to the world the wonderful Book of Revelations, which is the consummation of the New Testament Scriptures. What wonderful surroundings. One has well said that to sail through Grecian waters is

to float through history. The city of Athens is now in full view, and our pilot has come aboard.

We have remained here at anchor all afternoon, as the wind is too high for our ship to enter the harbor. If the wind does not abate, we shall not land at all, and our disappointment will be very great. Our Captain is very careful, but we still have hope of landing. Here we are in view of the Acropolis, and Mars' Hill, where Paul delivered his wonderful discourse in setting forth the doctrine of the Christian religion. I think cruising is a good school in which to cultivate the grace of patience, yet some of our party seem very deficient in this virtue. We all hope to land, but fear that we may not. Patrick Henry once said "When our fears correspond with the danger, the danger is past."

March 16: This morning at an early hour our ship raised the anchor and steamed into the harbor. At Piraeus we boarded the train for Athens, which is five miles distant. We are now visiting this celebrated city, and are much impressed with the general appearance of cleanliness everywhere. Our present impression is that the Greek is far superior to the Turk. Good sanitary conditions prevail everywhere; clean streets, and houses which look like home.

After leaving the train, we secured a guide, and are fortunate in having an educated Greek,

who speaks English quite well. We first visited the Theseum Temple, built 430 B. C., after which the Temples of Jupiter and Minerva were viewed, and then we ascended Mars' Hill. Standing on the spot where the apostle Paul preached his great sermon to the Athenians, I took my Bible, and turning to the seventeenth chapter of Acts, read the chapter aloud to the audience. Athens, the great seat of learning, was the home of Socrates, Demosthenes and many immortal sages of Greece, All about us are splendid ruins of such great magnitude that it would require many pages to describe the tenth part.

This afternoon we visited Dr. Schliemann's Museum of Antiquities and saw many statues taken out by the excavators. Some were exceedingly beautiful and convinced us that the Grecian artist put his very soul into his work. Another object of interest was the Tower of the Winds. The ancient Greek worshipped the wind, and he built this tower in the form of an octagon, so that its angles were directed not only to the four cardinal points, but also to the northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest.

Next we were taken to the Palace and shown the Throne of King George, which was very fine, but not equal to that in the Palace of the Sultan. We were all pleased and much impressed with the educational institutions, which betoken the high

ideals of the Greek in the building of character. Athens, the seat of learning in the days of Socrates, is still holding up its banner for the highest type of mental culture. Our guide is an excellent linguist and well versed in ancient lore, thus making our visit to the points of interest a great pleasure. We shall sleep aboard ship to-night, as she lies at anchor in the bay of Salamis. To-day we saw a funeral procession in which the corpse, that of a young woman, was borne through the streets with face uncovered, on the way to the Greek Church. After the funeral services, the body was placed in a hearse and conveyed to the cemetery.

March 17: Morning is bright and the air soft. The country lying between Piraeus and Athens is much like that of southern California and it did our hearts good to see wheat and olive trees growing in the same field. We have visited Athens to-day and again returned to the ship, the whistle of which was sounded, calling to us to bid farewell to classic Greece. We can say farewell, but we shall never forget.

Everyone is astir aboard ship and the venders of various kinds of trinkets and souvenirs are rapidly packing their goods to go ashore. The whistle sounds again, the anchor is lifted, and our ship sails out of the Salamis Bay into the Aegean Sea and points her prow toward Naples,

as night settles down over the sea and darkness upon the deep; but not so in the brilliant salon of the New England, where a fine stereopticon lecture is given on Rome, Naples and Pompeii. Our party retire, all expressing themselves delighted with their visit to Athens. During the night we pass numerous islands, but have not heard of their historic importance.

March 18: The sea is choppy and very few guests are at the table. The bright cheerful look has faded from the faces of the passengers, the ladies, as usual, seeming to suffer most.

Religious services were held in the forward salon this forenoon. To-day is wearing away and no land in sight, but we have the promise of being in Naples at six o'clock to-morrow morning. At 4 P. M. we listened to a good gospel sermon delivered by a Presbyterian minister, Rev. James Ross. His text was "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." This discourse, delivered to us while far at sea, was uplifting and soul refreshing. The day has passed, and we are entering the strait between Sicily and Italy. Some of our party are making ready to leave the ship at Rome.

CHAPTER XII.

NAPLES AND POMPEII.

My soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat
A bird afloat
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks.
Where high rocks throw
Through deeps below
A duplicated golden glow.

Far vague and dim
The mountains swim
While on Vesuvius' misty brim
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles
And yonder bluest of the isles
Calm Capri waits
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.—*Read.*

March 19: Monday. Our ship was detained in the Strait of Messina, and we are several hours behind schedule time. The Italian sun and air begin to send life through the ship's party, and all are astir. We are passing the Isle of Capri, with its wonderful Blue Grotto and Sorrento, the home of Tasso. Some of our party will visit the Grotto, but fears are entertained that the sea will run too high for entrance. This forenoon our ship anchored in the beautiful Bay of Naples. On the shore gardens are growing, trees are blooming, and the air is soft as velvet. We were carried ashore in steam tenders, and thence in carriages to the station where we took the train for Pompeii.

On arriving at the buried city we secured an Italian guide who could speak English and visited the Museum, where we saw many exhumed bodies of the unfortunate people. These bodies, nearly two thousand years old, were in an excellent state of preservation. But more marvelous to see are the disinterred houses, baths, temples, amphitheatres, and stately dwellings. The frescoing on the walls showed its color as bright as the day it was placed there by the hand of the Italian artist. Some of the buildings showed commodious apartments, decorated with beautiful mosaics. The streets showed the very marks worn in the pavement by chariot wheels. What

a vast amount of work was required to remove the ashes and lava from this buried city, but the treasures unearthed have richly repaid the archeologist for his labor. Whatever else may be false or counterfeit, these things before us are real and present to view the ruins of a city, which in the midst of affluence and a high state of culture, was in one short day sent to its grave for a slumber of two thousand years. While walking those silent streets and standing amid the ruined walls of those once beautiful homes, I thought of Glaucus, Sallust, Ione, and Nydia, the blind flower girl spoken of in Lord Lytton's book, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

* "Darkly o'er a Roman city,
Monstrous clouds were rolling by,
Lightnings flashed and deep toned thunders
Loudly rumbled through the sky;
While the earth was wildly rocking,
As a ship upon the sea
Falls and rises on the billows,
When the storm winds are set free.

* Note: Here I insert a poem which was recited in High School 27 years ago. I do not know the author, and possess the poem only in memory. While visiting Pompeii in August, 1891, I was shown the city's gate so faithfully kept by the hero of this poem, whose body was found "in an angle in the wall."—E. A. B.

“Rivers of consuming fire
Rolled adown the mountain side,
Over vineyards bright and lovely,
Over meadows far and wide;
While the smoke and falling ashes,
Filled the black and sultry air,
Weirdly lighted by the lightning,
And the mountain's lurid glare.

“At the city's gate in armor
Stood a Roman sentinel,
Past him ran the rushing rabble,
'Round him dust and ashes fell;
Proud and firm with mail clad fingers
Clasped about his gleaming spear,
Heeding nothing but his duty,
Feeling neither hope nor fear.

“Onward rushed the frightened people
Fleeing from the fiery tide,
Darker grew the air around him,
Still he stood with sullen pride,
Boldly gazing, fiercely frowning,
At the fast approaching flame,
Till at last a look of anguish
O'er his swarthy features came.

“Far away his thoughts were drifting
To the distant hills of Rome,
Where, beside the yellow Tiber,
He had left his humble home.
And he seemed to hear a matron
Bidding him no longer stay,
Mingled with his children's voices
Calling him to come away.

"Sweet the vision, sad, but fleeting,
To himself he firmly said,
Never has a Roman warrior
From his post of duty fled.
Though the mouth of hell engulf me,
I will boldly meet my fate,
I will show the Roman legions
How to keep the city's gate.

"Then the black cloud creeping lower
Blotted out the lurid light,
Like a deluge from the ocean
Sweeping o'er the land at night,
And a flood of falling ashes
Coming from the midnight skies,
Buried deep that fated city
From the sight of human eyes.

"In the endless march of ages
Centuries crept slowly past,
Islands rose amid the ocean,
Mountains disappeared at last,
Rippling rivers changed their courses,
Empires crumbled to decay,
Glorious cities went to ruin,
Mighty nations passed away.

"Once again a human footstep,
In that ancient city falls,
And in melancholy beauty,
Gleams the warm light on its walls.
Graven on enduring marble,
Pictured in the crumbling clay,
Is the story of the glory
Of a power passed away.

“Standing in his time worn armor
Still in death, erect and tall,
There they found the Roman soldier
In an angle in the wall.
Still his bony hand was firmly
Clasped about his rusted spear,
Still he told to after ages,
That a Roman knew no fear.

“Hero of that silent city
By your bold and tragic fate,
You have shown the Roman legions
How to keep a city's gate.
With a soul by death undaunted
When a storm of fire swept past,
By no human terror haunted,
You were faithful to the last.”

Musing on the mutability of all earthly things,
I turned thoughtfully away from these silent
streets to other scenes.

Those who climbed to the summit of Mt. Vesuvius, say they did not see much, and complained of a hard trip. From our present position we can see a cloud of smoke arising from the volcano, and during the night, flashes of fire lit up the sky. Vesuvius is no longer a thing of wonder here. If, however, the volcano should become active, as in the days when Pompeii was blotted out, the people in the surrounding country would again become terror stricken.

Taking the train, I was borne along the shores

of the bay to the city of Naples, where carriages were waiting. In driving about the city, we marvelled at its beauty. The streets were thronged with well-dressed people, who seemed to be holding a high holiday. This forenoon I received mail from America which thrilled me with delight. How sweet, in a foreign land, to hear from those we love. To-morrow we shall have another drive over the city before proceeding to Rome.

March 20: The bright morning, soft air, and beautiful Italian skies, inspire one for the day. We slept sweetly on the ship anchored in the Bay of Naples. All is astir on board, as many passengers leave the ship here, some remaining in Naples, and others proceeding to Rome.

12 M.: I have just returned from a drive through the city of Naples. We visited the Aquarium and saw many species of strange fish, many of which were of brilliant color and to me of unknown order. Among those which interested us was the Nautilus, concerning which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his noted poem. This Aquarium is connected with a college, and forms a part of the Zoological Department, for which it affords specimens for study. We also visited the Museum, which contains many masterpieces of sculpture and painting, and a vast collection of relics of antiquity.

At 3 P. M. we left Naples for Rome, 118 miles distant. While passing through the farming districts we were impressed by the beauty of the Italian valleys, every foot of which appeared to be under cultivation. We saw only one plow during this entire trip, as the soil, which appeared to be rich, is always turned over with a spade instead of a plow. In many fields we saw companies of spaders, working abreast, turning over the soil; sometimes a man and his wife; and again a young man and his best girl were seen side by side, spading. The Italians use cattle for work, and we saw many, which were very large, beautiful and white, drawing loads. Many of the trees which had evidently been planted, were trimmed closely at the top, and at the foot of each tree, a grape vine had been planted and trained to run up the tree which was its support. The vines were trained from tree to tree, thus giving a very pleasing appearance. At 9 P. M. we reached Rome, the Eternal City.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROME.

Yet this is Rome, that sate on her seven hills,
And from her throne of beauty ruled the world.

—*Mitford.*

March 21: This forenoon we had a drive over the old Appian Way, and while passing over its well worn stones, I thought of Saint Paul when he took courage, at seeing the three taverns. This paved highway is still in a good state of preservation. Next we visited the Catacombs, those underground sepulchres of the dead, which extend three stories beneath the surface. We were conducted through its dark passageways by an intelligent monk, to whom explaining things to us seemed to be a real pleasure. Here we saw many paintings, wrought in the second and third centuries, which, we were told, are of much value in settling many points of controversy. There are twelve miles of Catacombs open, and seventeen miles yet to open. We next visited the Church of San Giovanni in Laterano, which one must see to appreciate. It is certainly a marvel of aesthetic splendor. In a grotto underneath, is a

masterpiece in marble representing Christ's descent from the cross. A light is kept burning near this statue.

Our drive along the Appian Way brought us out into the country which environs the city. The soil appears productive and well cultivated. The old Roman Aqueduct traverses this part of the Campagna and is a very impressive relic of the past. On all sides of us are seen ruins of the primitive glory of Rome. This afternoon we visited shops, banks and stores, and also took a walk across the Tiber, passing over a massive stone bridge and returning over a modern steel structure. The Tiber is a muddy river; at least it was very muddy when I saw it, but this may have been caused by recent rains.

A gentleman from Canada, and I, took a long walk through the most important streets, among which is the famous street, Corso, and we also visited the Fountain of the Tritons, which pours forth copious streams of pure water.

March 22: Thursday. I rested well during the night and am ready for the day's trip. This forenoon we visited St. Peter's Cathedral, which I shall not attempt to describe as I do not feel equal to the task. We also visited the Vatican and saw paintings by Raphael and Michael Angelo. Our guide told us that these paintings are the finest in the world. No words from my

pen can portray the life-like scenes of the Vatican Palace as presented on canvas. Some of the paintings which impressed me most, were The Transfiguration of Christ, The Martyred Jerome, Working of Miracles, The Life of Jesus, showing scenes from the various periods of his life, and The Bathes of Constantine.

This afternoon I am sitting on a step at the Roman Forum. Here is the Basilica of Constantine, of which only three great arches remain. The ruins of the Forum are too vast for me to record in detail. On every side are remains of ancient mosaic floors, broken columns, and fallen arches. Here the halls echoed to the tread of the Caesars!

How many momentous events have occurred in the old Forum Romanum, which was the throbbing heart of the Eternal City of the Roman Empire. Here Catiline was made to feel the scorching power of the oratory of the mighty Cicero. Near the Forum are the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars, the Triumphal Arch of Titus, the Golden House of Nero, and the Coliseum, all of which in their fallen condition, are but a faint shadow of their former greatness. As I stand near the Coliseum, I remember that some of the greatest or earth's tragedys occurred here, where gladiators fought in the arena, and Christians were thrown to wild beasts. Here Sparta-

cus, we are told, for "twelve long years met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and never lowered his arm."

My visit to the Coliseum shall never be forgotten. As I stood amidst the awesome ruins of the amphitheatre I was almost overcome with wonder at its magnitude, and I remembered that it was largely built by captive Jews, who groaned under the yoke of Rome. No one can form a proper conception of the greatness of Rome without visiting it, and sitting down amidst its temples, monuments, columns, amphitheatres, statues, sepulchres, palaces, baths, arches, and other remains of its former greatness.

Modern Rome is a beautiful city with an excellent municipal government. The sanitary conditions are good and this is very noticeable to the tourists after visiting Cairo, Jerusalem and Constantinople. Our party are now gathering to hear the lecture.

We have taken a drive on Corso, the finest street of the city, and afterwards visited the Gardens on Pincian Hill, from whose lofty elevation we beheld the whole city, the Campagna beyond, and farther away the sea as it melts into the dim line of the horizon. From this hill, the greatness of St. Peter's Cathedral is revealed. To my mind, it is the greatest of all churches of its

kind. From this hill, we have a fine view of the Arch of Titus, which was erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem. We saw a clock in the Pincian Gardens running by water power. A number of years ago this beautiful hill was a deserted waste, where the ghost of Nero was believed to have wandered in the Middle Ages.

Our lecturer told us that Vesta was the Goddess of Fire. She was a virgin divinity, and maidens called Vestal Virgins kept the fire burning. These virgins were ten years learning, ten years practicing, and ten years teaching. At the age of thirty they were permitted to go, mingle with society, and marry if they chose. They were commanded to lead a chaste, virtuous life, and if any violated these commands, they were buried alive. We were told that a few sad examples are recorded.

March 23: Friday. This is our last day in Rome. It rained during the night, but the weather is clearing. I made a few purchases to-day, and found the stores finer than I anticipated. Our hotel accommodations have been the best that we have had since leaving New York. The Italian language is the mother tongue here, but the French language is also used considerably. I have greatly enjoyed my stay in Rome, but must soon go away, no doubt forever. I have been stopping at the National Hotel.

March 24: This is the day we had planned to start for Naples, to take the ship for Nice, Monte Carlo, and the Riviera, and accordingly, arrangements had been made for an early breakfast. The steward came to our room and informed us of a telegram received from Naples, which states that our party cannot leave Rome to-day. Our curiosity is greatly aroused. At breakfast the bulletin-board stated that we would not go to Naples, but that our baggage was on the way to Rome. Our fears are thoroughly aroused and we hear rumors of sickness aboard the ship. What will be the result of all this? What has become of my baggage, which is somewhat scattered, part of my clothing being in the laundry? Will they put all the baggage together and fumigate it, and shall I lose a part or all of my belongings? I must be patient and await further developments.

10 A. M. I have just returned from Hotel Minerva, where I have heard that Mrs. Thompson, wife of Captain Thompson, has died of Syrian fever aboard the ship at Naples. Three of our party have died since the cruise began. We are still in suspense concerning our future. Our manager's arrival from Naples may dispel our fears and set all things right. May the same Hand that has led us through our long sea voyage still continue to lead us until we return to our homes.

We have just learned that our baggage will be sent from Naples to our respective hotels. Here is another problem, as Dr. Humphrey and I occupied the same stateroom, and our things were not all packed. We are quartered at different hotels in Rome, but now we must find each other and then find and separate our baggage. We are also informed that we are now on our own expense. This does not please us, and we hope that it will not continue long. We are still waiting to hear something further, but are kept in suspense.

At last we have received our sentence, which has come to us with a crash: Smallpox on the ship. Our baggage was thrown together and sent to Rome after us. We must get out of the city as soon as possible at our own expense. I have seldom seen such excitement. Some of the ladies cried, and all our hearts are made sad, but we are told to keep quiet or we shall be quarantined. We were informed that the ship would leave Naples, but that none of us must think of going aboard. Imagine our feelings, so far from home, and now on our own responsibility and any moment liable to be detained in quarantine.

March 25: Three carloads of baggage have arrived from Naples. Every stateroom was cleared, and our baggage was very much mixed, but I think each one finally received his own, as each one's baggage was marked by the number of

his stateroom. What a time there was claiming baggage. Three of the party and I, after securing our belongings, procured tickets and took the first train for Florence. Our party was like a frightened flock of quails, darting out from under a brush heap and scattering everywhere. The intention is to again meet the ship at Liverpool.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM ROME TO LONDON.

Singing through the forests
Rattling over ridges
Shooting under arches
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountain,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail.—*Saxe.*

March 26: I am quartered in an excellent hotel in Florence, where I arrived last evening. On our way here we passed many beautiful villas in the valley of the Tiber, and had fine views of the vine clad hills of Italy. This district is devoted to grape culture, and the honey produced here is superior to any I have ever eaten. The employees at our hotel excel in good manners, and politeness appears to be the normal condition everywhere. This afternoon I must take a hasty view of the city and then start for Paris. I find it hard work to travel so rapidly. The population of Florence is 180,000. I must seek for a Cook's Office and secure my ticket for Paris, and also exchange my money into English or French currency. This constant change of currency in trav-

eling is very inconvenient, and often occasions considerable loss to the tourist, since there are those who take advantage of him.

We took the train this afternoon enroute for Paris, and have passed through some beautiful scenery. Some of the mountain sides wer terraced. The train is now stopping in Bologna.

March 27: We traveled all night and at dawn were crossing the Alps into the Republic of Switzerland, and while on top of the mountains we encountered a snow storm. The morning is cold. We have had an interesting time in passing from one country to another, changing cars, and having our baggage inspected by the Custom House officials.

The part of France through which we are now passing does not possess as much rich farming land as I had expected, and therefore the people live mostly in villages. We passed through many fine villages and cities after leaving Switzerland and saw considerable timber land. The people here use a good deal of willow, and also cultivate it. In some places we saw women working in the fields. After we entered France, our train ran very fast.

March 28: Wednesday. We arrived safe in Paris last evening, and stopped at a hotel convenient to the station. After satisfying the inner man, and walking about a little, we retired and

slept well under feathers, which covering is quite common in this country. This morning the weather is cold, and we feel unprepared for low temperatures.

This trip across the continent of Europe is not for the purpose of sight-seeing, but for the purpose of meeting our ship at Liverpool. We had finished our entire cruise as planned, with the exception of one day's sight-seeing at Nice, Monte Carlo and the Riviera. We feel that after all in exchanging sight-seeing at these places for a trans-continental trip, and a glance at London and Paris, we have not been the loser.

The lectures provided for us on our cruise were very instructive and helpful, and reflected great credit on the eminent gentlemen who delivered them. The subjects and speakers were as follows:

"Madeira and Algiers," by Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Gibraltar and Malta," by Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.

"Jerusalem and the Land of Promise," by Rev. W. H. Penhallegon, D.D., of Decatur, Ill.

"Naples and Pompeii," by Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D.D., of Worcester, Mass.

"Constantinople and its Conquest by the Turks," by Prof. Van Millingen, of Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey.

"Rome and St. Peter's," by Prof. L. Reynaud, of Rome Italy.

"The Forum," by Prof. L. Reynaud, of Rome, Italy.

The following five lectures were given by Prof. Geo. B. Penney, of the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas:

"Memphis and the Old Empire, or Lower Egypt,"

"The Monuments of Thebes and the New Empire, or Upper Egypt,"

"Round About Constantinople, Smyrna, and Ephesus,"

"The Old and New Athens,"

"The Antiquities of Rome."

We have seen Paris as if by lightning, and are now on our way to London. The country in this part of France is beautiful and adapted to agriculture. We are soon to cross the English Channel.

March 29: We found a rough channel to cross, but I rested well. This morning we are on English soil and among English speaking people. We have been so long among peoples of other languages that England seems very home-like. We enjoyed our short stay in France, but I think we shall enjoy England better.

We are now on the train speeding toward Lon-

don, and are very thankful that we are not ill or quarantined in Rome. At 8 A. M. we are at New Croyden, England. The cold weather this morning affects us considerably, having become somewhat accustomed to the tropics. From our car window England appears to be well kept and the towns and villages numerous.

Later: We have arrived in London, and after partaking of a good breakfast, have been enjoying a few of the sights of this great city. First we visited the Parliament buildings, then Westminster Abbey, and Nelson's Monument, after which we strolled through some of the principal streets.

5 P. M.: We are now in Liverpool, a distance of 200 miles from London. The day has been fine and our ride to this city was most delightful. We passed one of the homes of one of the Rothschilds and saw many of his race horses grazing in the fields. The country is well farmed, has many flocks of sheep, and was a delight to the eye. Our train ran very fast, on as good a roadbed as I ever passed over. The cars are little coaches with no conductor or brakeman passing through. Four of us occupied one of the coaches.

CHAPTER XV.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Home, kindred, friends and country—these
Are the ties from which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas
We bear them in our heart.—*Montgomery.*

We are stopping at the Nelson Hotel, and have met several Americans from New York. This is the terminus of our long land trip, and to reach it we have traveled 1,400 miles from Rome. Our baggage, or luggage, as the English say, has been a great care. It is a good thing to have, but inconvenient while traveling here, and I am glad that I had no steamer trunk to look after. I lost my mackintosh by leaving it on the train either in Italy or Switzerland, and discovered the loss too late to recover the missing garment.

As I have looked over England to-day, I have remembered many things which our friend, Mrs. Anne Kendall, used to relate to us concerning the mother country.

March 30: Friday. I remained in Liverpool last night with Mr. Beltz, one of our party with

whom I have traveled from Rome. The morning is quite cold but I must go out and seek some information in regard to our steamship, we are not yet free from suspense and I trust that the developments of this day will bring permanent relief. Happily for us, our sight-seeing was almost at an end before the trouble came. If it had occurred at Cairo our trip would have been a failure. Personally, I have had a very profitable journey although at times some anxiety, as we know not what an hour may bring forth.

4 o'clock P. M.: We are standing on the dock and our dear old New England is before us at anchor in the middle of the Mersey River. Some of the bystanders say that she has smallpox aboard and is quarantined; others say that the tide is out and that she cannot dock until high tide. We have been somewhat amused in asking people questions in regard to her as they stand gazing from the dock. One man said that her name is the Canada. We noticed two ragged looking boys looking on and we approached them and asked them the name of the ship. One boy replied "The New England, sir. She has been off on a cruise to the Mediterranean with a lot of millionaires." We asked how many millionaires there were in the party. He replied, "O, there was a lot of them." We did not tell the boy that we were of the number.

March 31: Saturday. I am feeling well this morning. We shall start for Portland, Maine, on the steamship Cambroman, which leaves from Princess Dock at 3:30 P. M. to-day. After so long a journey the thought of turning our faces homeward is a cheering one. We have enjoyed looking about the docks and shipping of Liverpool, which are immense.

Later: We left Liverpool aboard the Cambroman on time. We parted from a Mr. Dingwall, a dear, good man who has been with us on the long journey, and as he waived us good-bye he appeared to be much affected by the separation. This is a staunch ship with a good name and belongs to the Dominion Line. She is pronounced seaworthy, but I apprehend that she will roll considerably during the homeward voyage.

April 1: Far out at sea again. This ship, unlike the New England, rolls and pitches much to our discomfort, but we hope to reach home bye and bye. How very much isolated one feels when at sea, and how fully he appreciates the saying, "Out at sea." There is a clergyman with me named Beltz, from whom I shall part at Portland.

April 2: Monday. The sun shines brightly but the air is cold. We are farther out in the sea to-day and the ship is still rocking. I in-

tended to write to-day but the ship's motion is not favorable to writing.

We have aboard 254 boys from seven to twenty years of age, who have come from Dr. Barnardo's Home, and are on their way to Toronto, Canada, where they will be received into a Home and from there distributed to people who desire to take them. Those taking a boy to rear will be paid for their trouble. Boys from sixteen to twenty will go to Dr. Barnardo's farm of 10,000 acres, where they will learn farm work. I am informed that the doctor is a gentleman of Irish descent who has been engaged in this work for thirty-three years. Many of the little boys are now out on deck, and some look as though they needed a mother's attention, but the poor children are all orphans. Many of the youths have a bright and intelligent appearance.

Mr. Geo. G. Mitchell, who is Superintendent for Dr. Barnardo, told me the following touching story: "A woman was found on the Thames embankment in London, in an unconscious condition. Two children were clinging to her. At first it was thought she was intoxicated, so she was taken to the Police Station. When restored to consciousness it was discovered that she was dying of starvation. She was taken to a hospital where she died. The boy and girl were taken to Dr. Barnardo's Home, where they were brought

up to respectable manhood and womanhood. The boy became a physician, and the girl is now the wife of a Presbyterian minister." This is only one story among hundreds, illustrating the work which this humane institution is doing.

It is now raining and our ship rolls and pitches considerably. There are some indications of an approaching storm. The captain told me that we should be 10 days at sea. The time now begins to seem long.

April 3: Tuesday. I retired early and rested well. To-day the sun shines, the sea runs high and the ship rolls, but we are rolling homeward. There is not much news on shipboard. The bugle is calling for breakfast. Later: It is evening. A storm has been raging all day and the sea breaks over the deck while the wind blows fiercely. I certainly have seen a storm at sea, but while it is still on I shall retire, knowing that my Father holds it in his hand.

April 4. Wednesday morning: The wind is blowing a hurricane and the sea runs very high. Our ship with her powerful engines is still plowing her way on through the crested waves of the stormy Atlantic. I have often desired to experience a storm at sea, and now I have had all that anyone could wish for. The sailors are adjusting the ropes on the lifeboats, which makes one think that they are on the alert for danger.

Last night at nine o'clock the engines stopped. To have such a thing occur in mid-ocean while a storm was on, produced a strange sensation. We soon ascertained that it was because some of the machinery had become heated. The passengers are much affected by the storm.

This evening we shall be half way between Liverpool and Portland. My people are not advised as to my whereabouts, but I trust the sea will calm and all things end well. The grand old New England is lying at Liverpool, but I shall probably reach home before she starts for Boston.

James H. Moore is captain of the steamship Camboman. The crew numbers 188, there are three engines, the length of the vessel is 430 feet, beam 46 feet, five decks, speed $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots. She has made 75 voyages.

April 5: I rested tolerably well but awoke realizing the ship was rolling at a fearful rate, with the great waves breaking over her decks and dashing with tremendous force against the cabin windows. O, this restless sea—these oscillating waves.

“Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay

My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;

But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.”

I can scarcely write these lines because of the ship's motion. There were more passengers at the meal this morning than usual, but I fear this rough sea will cause a return of their former seasickness. The American tourist can endure a certain amount of seasickness with equanimity because every revolution of the propeller drives the ship toward home. We regret that just now the propeller is too much of the time out of water, beating the air. Our ship has made 244 knots to-day. A Scotch passenger, in religious talk, said that the sword of God's justice was not broken on the knee of mercy, but only sheathed in the scabbard of the atonement.

P. M.: The sea is becoming more quiet, the air warmer, and it is pleasant on deck. The darkness of night is descending upon us. After a pleasant interview with Superintendent Mitchell, I have retired to my stateroom.

April 6: The sea is delightfully calm this morning. I discover a ship far to the south-east. She is a sailing vessel and evidently has experienced rough weather, as one mast is gone and the sails are badly shattered. Whence she comes and whither bound, none of us know.

How majestic is the ocean to-day. The passengers are on deck in a merry mood and even the stern old captain is playing at shuffle-board. Many young ladies who have been kept in their

state rooms during the storm now appear on deck in bright colors. O, how the warm sun and breeze exhilarates. The sea is smooth, and the Cambroman is making good time. It cannot sail too fast for the travel-worn tourists.

I meet a good many English passengers aboard who are anxious to have me tell them of my trip to the Orient. My experience on this journey is worth a great deal to me. Evening is approaching. Soon we shall retire for another night at sea. I wonder how all things are at home in America. To-day the log registered 299 knots, which is better than yesterday. I have been reading Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," or "The New Pilgrim's Progress." What a humorous way he has of putting things.

April 7: We are in a heavy fog with the ship rolling and pitching. This is the eighth day out at sea and I feel like being ashore again. This morning before sunrise, when daylight began to chase the shadow from off the deep, I was awakened by the sound of the ship's whistle. Supposing another vessel to be passing, I arose to see the stranger, and opening my state room window and thrusting out my head, I found myself in a fog bank thicker than you can imagine. Then I knew the sound which I heard was only the fog horn. I returned to bed thankful that I had a bed, and the old ship continued to speed along.

At 5:00 P. M. to-day, I was called upon to perform the funeral services of a child. Although I have conducted the same services many times on land, out at sea there was something unusually solemn in the service. There were a goodly number on deck to attend the services, and the grief of the poor mother was very great. At the proper time the ship slowed down, and, as the words of the service were pronounced, "We now commit the body to the deep," two young men who had the little form in charge tipped the board and the little one's body dropped into the sea, there to remain until "the sea shall give up her dead" in the glorious resurrection morn.

April 8: This is Sunday morning, and before another Sunday I hope to be at my home. The day is bright but the ship rolls terribly. I held religious services in the salon, preaching from John 14:9. We had a precious hour out on the great ocean. How sweet it is thus to honor God in His service. We are now on the upper deck. The sun is warm but the wind cold. Sunday evening: The captain of the ship has come to me and asked if I would hold divine service.

April 9. Monday morning: The day is bright and sea smooth. We shall be in Halifax at 9:00 P. M. this evening. From our upper deck we see three ships, two of which are fishing smacks,

and the third a steamer bound for some port unknown to us.

Passengers who have been shut off from land for many days find a ship at sea an object of great interest. We have not seen land since March 31, but have faced some rough seas which will make our landing a source of greater delight. We sighted land this afternoon.

The land was a cheering sight to us even if it was the rugged and formidable shores on which Halifax is situated. We arrived at Halifax at 9:00 P. M. Nearly all the passengers disembarked, leaving the ship quite lonely.

April 10: Tuesday. There was so much confusion during the night that I did not sleep well. This morning I find myself the only remaining tourist aboard. I have become anxious to reach home. The interesting part of our famous trip has ended and now home is the best place after all.

I have just had a very pleasant interview with the captain and Dr. Smylie, the ship's surgeon. These gentlemen are very courteous and our interview contributed greatly to my enjoyment. The chief steward, Frank James, was very kind to me during the return voyage. The name of my table steward is James Martin, and my bedroom steward is Hugh Roberts. Both are fine fellows and were very companionable during

the voyage of eleven days across the stormy Atlantic.

April 11: I awoke this morning in the beautiful harbor of Portland, Me. The magic touch of one's native land stirs every drop of patriotic blood in the veins of a true American.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand."

How beautiful the flag appears on the shore after the long voyage. Soon I shall be off for Boston, and then New York, where I shall meet loved ones.

The day is bright, breakfast over, stewards all tipped, and I am ready to go ashore. 9:00 A. M.: I have left the ship Cambroman, ended my travel on the sea, exchanged my express checks and English gold for United States money, and am now on the train enroute for Boston. Reaching Boston on time, I took a surface car for the South Station, where I arrived a few minutes before my train was scheduled to leave, and I am now spinning along toward New York City.

I arrived at the Grand Central Station in New York on time, and in a few minutes was on the

train for Yonkers. My son had gone to the city to meet me and I am sure that I passed him on the way, which I regret very much. He did so much to make it possible for me to take this trip, and has contributed much to my enjoyment.

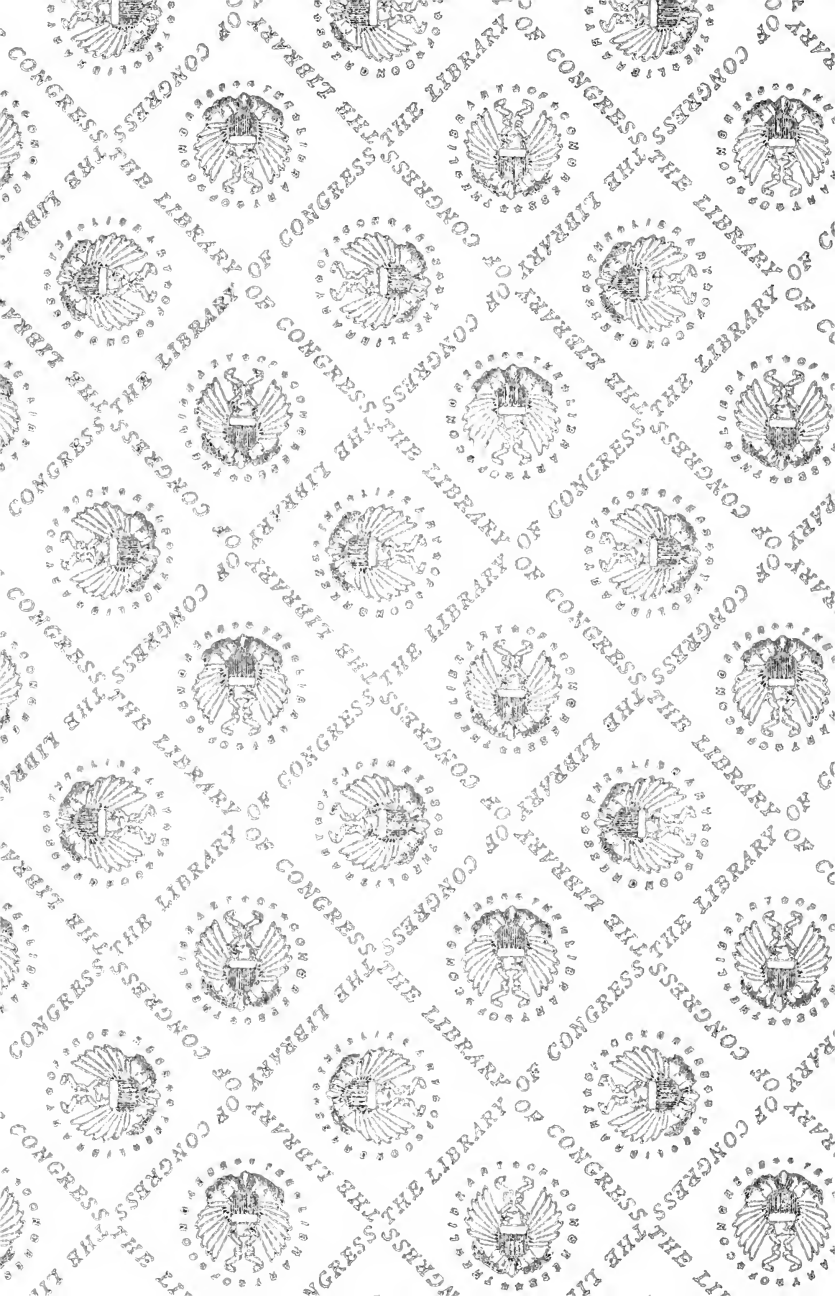
Here I am in the city of Yonkers, and my son, Edward, insists on my staying at least two weeks.

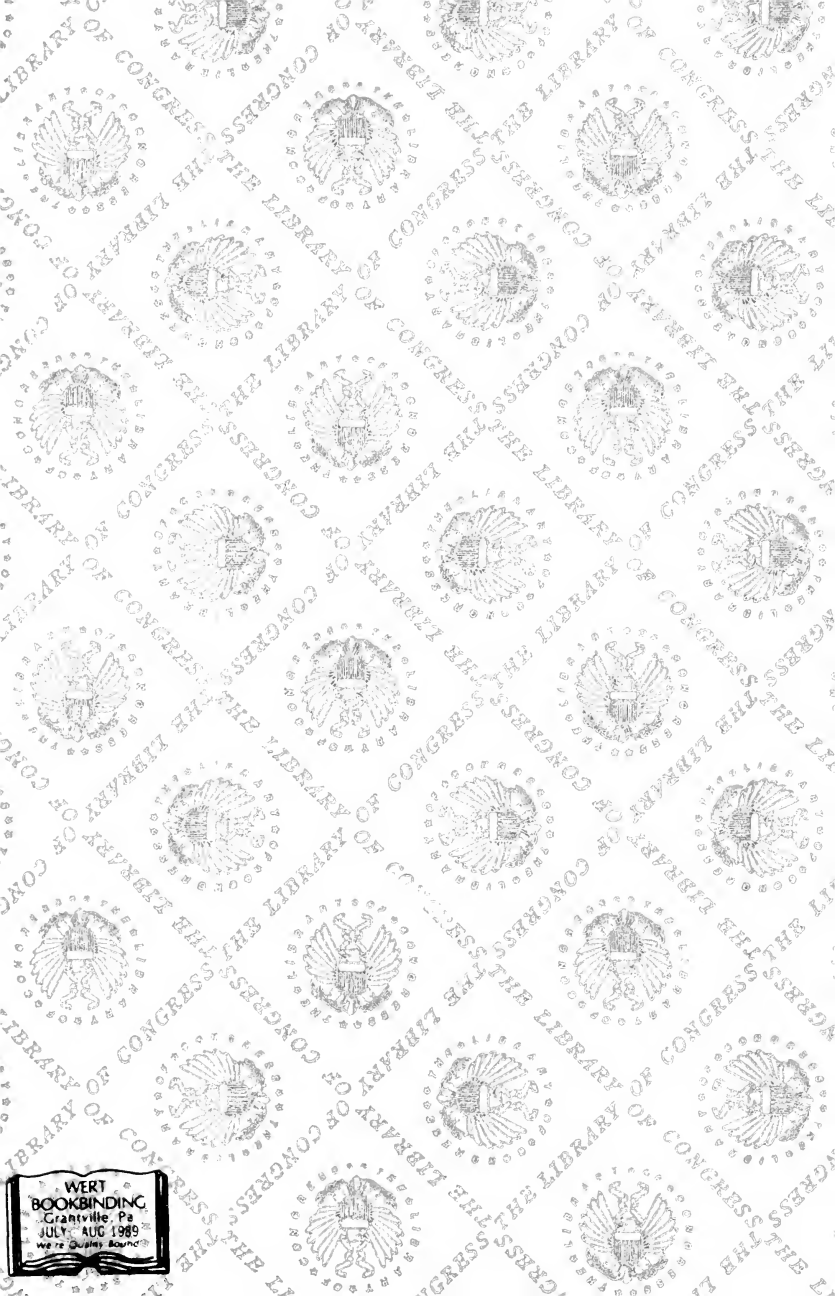
I have enjoyed my stay at Yonkers very much, visiting many places of interest in New York City, and also attending the Ecumenical Conference of Missionaries. After this enjoyable visit I returned home, arriving April 27, 1900.

How thankful I am for the kind care of God, and my safe return. I pray that my life may be better because of a larger experience, wider range of vision, and trust that I may be more consecrated, and have more of the spirit of Him who went about doing good.

“The earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.”

W 98





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